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 As for J. P. McEvoy, he has been, in his day, the world's most dynamic greeting-card virtuoso; with *The Potters* he made America laugh and cry and laugh again; he wrote *Americana*; two editions of Ziegfeld Follies; and last year presented several hundred thousand solid citizens with Dixie Dugan, his most famous character creation, in *Show Girl*.

 When MR. McEvoy drifted into Hollywood, so the rumor has it, they locked him up in a sound-proof vault and told him to write scenarios. When the gong rang, all the scribes had to rush from their cells to join the "story conference." But the naughty moguls held out on our hero and never told him where the conferences were held. After two days of frenzied search Mr. McEvoy revolted against this inhuman treatment and decided to go even on the Hollywood racket.

 *Hollywood Girl* is the result.

By J. P. McEVOY

BOOKS:

Hollywood Girl
Show Girl
Slams of Life (verse)

PLAYS:

The Potters
God Loves Us

REVUES:

The Comic Supplement
Americana
Ziegfeld Follies (1924-1926)
Allez Oop
New Americana

SIMON AND SCHUSTER

present

The Super-Colossal Wonder Picture Epoch
of this or any other century

HOLLYWOOD GIRL

By J. P. McEVOY

Author of *Show Girl*, *The Potters*, *Americana*, etc.

ALL-TALKING—ALL-DANCING—ALL-SINGING

With three-dimensional technicolor television,
featuring

ALL STAR CAST

- DIXIE DUGAN: Who shakes a sun-kist
Scanty—with sound.
- FRITZ VON BUELOW: Colossal Director in the
Leaping Lispies with more
Yeth-men than Paul White-
man has chins.
- JIMMY DOYLE: Who worked up from
Ghosting on a tabloid to
writing dialogue for Rin-
Tin-Tin.
- SOL NEBBICK: The big producer with the
rat-trap mind, the Frigid-
aire heart, and nerves like
E-strings.
- MICKEY O'KEEFE: Who wrote the original
Prisoner's Song: "I Can't
Lock You Anything But
Up, Baby".

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HOLLYWOOD GIRL

THE
HOLLYWOOD GIRL
A NOVEL
BY
J. M. COLEMAN

I

BROOKLYN, N. Y.
May 15th.

MISS NITA DUGAN,
HOTEL SCRIBE,
RUE SCRIBE,
PARIS.

DEAR NITA:

Still wading around in Frenchmen and Three Star? Et comment, sez you, and who wants to know? The baby, sez I, Dixie Dugan, late Star of *Get Your Girl*. I've heard of you, sez you, but not recently. Where've you been? On Broadway, sez I. Where on Broadway, sez you. Up and down, sez I—up and down, between Forty-eighth and Forty-second, looking for a job. Well, pull up your chair and take down your hair, and tell us all about it. You can weep here, and here, but not here—it's velvet. Jake, sez I, and it's like this:

The show was one of those nine-day wonders, but after that they stopped wondering and we took it up where they left off, but Jimmy hung on saying, they'll come, and they did, but not to us. After we had been running—"running"—I'm leffing—four or five weeks, staying away from our show was the rage, and all the time they were telling Jimmy, hang on,

720127

it's always like this just before Thanksgiving, and after Thanksgiving, hang on, it's always like this just before Christmas, and after Christmas, hang on, it's always like this just before Easter, but long before that Jimmy was hung. So they backed up the van and moved us up to the Whoosis Theatre, where all good shows go to die and only people go to see them who wouldn't pay more than fifty cents to see the twelve apostles in a six day bike race. And after that, old girl, we went on the road, and the road ain't what it used to be and never was. And if they tell you it's the movies that did it, how about those million Chevrolet Coupes that you never see parked on the pavements? Ah well, boys will be boys and girls will be girls, and if you want it different you can go into a Shubert chorus. Where am I?

Oh yes, we went on the road and the first place they booked Jimmy was a theatre in Toronto where the balcony was condemned. That was only the kick-off. They do say a virgin producer has a chance to stay that way in New York, but once they get him out on the road he always comes back with a brazen laugh and a set of triplets. It wasn't long before they had Jimmy frozen out and then the new gang celebrated by cutting salaries to the bone, on the theory, I suppose, that the nearer the bone the sweeter the meat. The farther we went out into the open the closer they got, until I figured if they ever got us out to the Coast they'd be throwing fish to us on Seal Rock. So one week I didn't send out the

laundry and me and my shadow, and you couldn't have told us apart, crawled into an upper berth in Kansas City, and made choo-choo back to New York.

And here I am, as Jonah said to the whale. Have been trying for months now to get my feet in some trough but all I get is the run around—that nothing today my dear, but keep in touch with us, you never know what is liable to turn up. I know what's going to turn up—my toes.

Poor Jimmy is really socked—he's lost everything he made and everything he could beg, borrow or steal. He'd like to go back to the *Evening Tab* but he's afraid the boys will razz him to death. Besides, the show bug has bit him and once that happens the swelling never goes down. So Jimmy is writing another show for me and if it gets on and over we're going to take the first ten dollars that comes into the box office and get married on it. I'm for taking the first two, but Jimmy says we ought to have a reserve. All we have now is our health and two young people of assorted sexes with a lot of health and not enough money to get married are liable to get into a lot of trouble. Wouldn't that be fun? Wishing you the same,

DIXIE.



MAY 17

NA387 39 DL HOLLYWOOD CALIF 17 1109A

JIMMY DOYLE

CARE EVENING TAB

NEW YORK CITY

THE SQUAWKING PICTURES NEED FRESH
 YOUNG STORIES THAT WILL SCREAM WELL
 STOP YOU ARE WASTING YOUR SWEETNESS ON
 THE DESERT AIR STOP WOULDNT YOU LIKE TO
 COME TO HOLLYWOOD THE MECCA OF THE LIT-
 ERARY WORLD AND MECCA WHOOPEE

KIRK



MAY 17

SB423 19 NEW YORK N Y 17 403P

KIRK KING

COLOSSAL FILM CORPORATION

HOLLYWOOD CALIF

MUCH TO HIS SURPRISE THE LITTLE GIRL
 SAID YES SIR AND THEN HE DIDNT KNOW
 WHAT TO DO

JIMMY



MAY 18

NC476 DL-HOLLYWOOD CALIF 956A
JIMMY DOYLE
CARE EVENING TAB

NEW YORK CITY N Y
IN HOLLYWOOD INTERROGATION POINT DONT
BE SILLY STOP GO TO AMBASSADOR HOTEL
AND SEE FRITZ BUELOW COLOSSAL DIRECTOR
TELL HIM YOU WROTE THE BOOK OF GENESIS
AND BLACK BEAUTY AND ALL THE SOUND EF-
FECTS FOR HER SACRIFICE STOP ASK A
THOUSAND BUCKS A WEEK TAKE FIVE HUN-
DRED

KIRK

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MAY 19

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KIRK KING

COLOSSAL FILM CORPORATION

HOLLYWOOD CALIF

KIDDING ASIDE CANT YOU GIVE ME A REAL
TIP BEFORE I GO SEE BUELOW

JIMMY

POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES	
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MAY 20

NA502 37 DL-HOLLYWOOD CALIF 20 1033A

JIMMY DOYLE

CARE EVENING TAB

NEW YORK CITY N Y

THE SCOTCH OUT HERE HAS BEEN CUT UNTIL
THERES VERY LITTLE SUSPENSE AND NO
LOVE INTEREST IN IT SO THE ONLY LITER-
ARY ADVICE I CAN GIVE YOU IS THAT WHEN
YOU COME OUT BRING YOUR OWN

KIRK

PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT
COLOSSAL FILM CORPORATION

May 17th.

TO MISS BETTY BYRNE,
MOTION PICTURE EDITOR,
N. Y. EVENING TAB.

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Fritz Buelow, the great director who made that sensational epic *Sinners in Love* and that equally thrilling masterpiece *Lovers in Sin* is paying his first visit to New York in three years. He is not coming here to play, however, but to shoot the Coney Island sequences for his newest epic *Sinning Lovers*, which is the present title for the picture previously announced as *Loving Sinners*. It is the film adaptation of that famous poem *The Charge Of The Light Brigade*. Mr Buelow and his technical staff have reserved a floor at the Ambassador Hotel.

Better get up Fritz. That dame'll be here any minute now.

Who cares?

It's the interviewer for the *Evening Tab*—Betty Byrne.

Who sent for her?

I did—you gotta get some publicity while you're here. Whatcha got a manager for?

I don't know. What day is it?

Monday.

What became of Sunday? Anybody working to-day?

Kelly is shooting that skirt-blowing sequence in the Fun House over in Coney Island.

What, again?

Well, he figured out a new Ufa angle shot for it. Sez it'll be a wow with sound.

Mix me another. Any skirt is a wow with Kelly—sound or no sound. I hope I never see another.

The little one wasn't so bad. Hot, what?

They're all hot. A cold one would be a novelty.

When did she leave?

How do I know? I was in conference. The ginger ale's all gone.

I'll take it straight. What's this Byrne baby like? Never heard of her!

Young.

Good!

About so high; built like this; blonde.

You needn't stay. Where's my robe and slippers?

She wants to talk about sound pictures.

And send some ginger ale up on your way out.

I'm so sorry I'm late, Mr. Buelow, but I couldn't get away from the office until after six.

You're Miss Wilkins?

Betty Byrne—from the *Evening Tab*. I had a story about you the other day.

I never read the papers. In fact, when I'm work-

ing on a picture I never read anything. All my energy is concentrated on my work. Burns you up this business.

It must.

Creating characters, pumping energy, vitality, inspiration into a lot of mannequins and marionettes. Building cities, moving armies, making wars and plagues and famines and earthquakes.

It must be wonderful!

You know, sometimes when I think of the power at my command it makes me stop and think. Last summer I took a thousand people out into Death Valley and kept them there four months. It was 120 in the shade and no shade. Fourteen died, twenty-seven went mad—all extras—and 120 mules. It was magnificent.

What picture was that?

Her First Night. Hasn't been released yet. We're putting sound in it . . . will you join me?

Well, just a tiny little bit. There, wait a minute; that's too much . . . lots of ginger ale. Heaps of it . . . tell me about your new picture, Mr. Buelow.

It's an Epic of Sacrifice. Based on that famous poem, *The Charge Of The Light Brigade*. It opens with a long shot of the Cavalry Charge, then a close-up of the thundering hoofs going right over the camera—you can imagine what that will be with sound! And then lap dissolve into all kinds of animals going into the Ark. That's where the story really begins. The water rises higher and higher;

it submerges the whole world and then turns red. Blood! The tide of war. The Four Horsemen appear in the sky—pestilence, famine, death. The bloody tide rolls back—devastated France. Close-up of the machine-gun spitting death. An endless belt of cartridges going 'round and 'round. Fade-in a ferris wheel. Coney Island. The War is over. Pleasure-mad crowds forget the great sacrifice. That's where we are now. Oh yes, there is a Babylon sequence. You know, Ancient Babylon! And then New York, the Modern Babylon! There's a big message there for the young generation . . . Here, let me give you some more.

Not so much . . . aren't you terrible! I guess you directors are used to having your own way.

That's what the world thinks. The world's all wrong. It's lonely on the heights. The sparrows play in the streets, but the eagle soars alone. Soars and broods—lonely—lonely—alone.

I know. (*Softly*) I think I can understand.

Yes, women understand, for they too are alone and lonely.

How do you know?

A great director must know people. He holds them in the hollow of his hand and looks through them—into them. He turns them inside out. He devours them. Out of a thousand lives comes Life; that knowledge of Life which makes everything he does live. He must break a thousand lives in his bare hands to know how that one life will quiver before

the camera, so that a million eyes will dim with tears and a million throats will choke and a million hearts will stand still . . . you don't look very comfortable over there. Why don't you come over here and sit by me . . .

Nine o'clock.

. . . You're so . . . so gentle and yet so strong . . . Honestly, I never felt before I could confide like this in anyone.

Ten o'clock.

. . . Here, you didn't finish yours . . . and you've been on your own ever since? You poor little sweet . . . There . . . just relax . . . poor darling . . . Don't! . . . Mr. Buelow . . . Fritz . . . No . . . Fritzie darling . . . Oh-h-h . . .

Eleven o'clock.

. . . You don't have to say that. You don't have to say you love me . . . I don't care. I feel happier tonight than I've felt since I was a little girl. You *do* understand, don't you?

Midnight . . .

. . . and you'll call me tomorrow, Fritzie, sure?

Sure. . . There now, run along, I'm going to turn in early. Got a big day tomorrow. We do the gag faction in the *House of a Thousand Mirrors*. It's allegorical, showing things are not what they seem. The girl sees her lover multiplied a thousand times in the mirrors. She tries to reach him and crashes into his images, bruised and despairing she tries to

escape. She cannot. Subtitle, "Ah Love, Love . . . What is the Substance? What is the Shadow." A great gag, what? . . .

(From the Evening Tab—May 20th)

GREAT ARTISTS ARE LONELY, SAYS FAMOUS DIRECTOR.

By
Betty Byrne

Oh girls, guess who I saw last night—no, not Jack Glibert, though he's ducky, too. Come, come, you're not ver' bright this morning. Don't you know who's in town girls—stopping at the Ambassador in a suite as big as Madison Square Garden? Oh, you'll be green with jealousy when I tell you that I talked to him ver' ver' long and we had the most thrilling things to say to each other.

Now that you're all akimbo and agog, I'll tell you. It was Fritz Buelow. You know that Miracle Man who made "Lovers in Sin," the picture which made us all laugh and cry and "Sinners in Love" which wrenched our hearts and yet made us smile happily through our tears. Well, he's back in town after more than three years' absence. He's working now on the most gorgeous epic in his career. He was telling me all about it last night and I'm sure he won't care if I let you in on an eensialeweentsie bit of it. It has a big theme—Sacrifice—and there's a big message under it. He's shooting part of it now in the Fun House and the Mirror

House in Coney Island, showing the part where life is an illusion and the only things that matter are big, deep things like sacrifice and love. Doesn't it sound gorgeous, girls?

And here's a juicy little tip for some lucky girl. Mr. Buelow is planning a great jazz-mad sequence with singing and dancing—in sound—and he's looking for a real jazz-mad type. Here's what he said to me last night in his very words, "I'm looking for a real jazz-mad type." So you see girls, that's just what he wants. Well, he ought to find what he's looking for in New York, don't you think so girls?

Oh yes, Mr. Buelow is big and burly, with those strong shoulders which thrill us girls. He has blue eyes and light curly hair, and yet his long sensitive hands betray the artist and the dreamer. "It's lonely on the heights" sighed Mr. Buelow. "The sparrows twitter in the streets but the solitary eagle soars in the empyrean alone—lonely—and broods in majestic silence." Isn't that just too thrilling, girls?

Toodle-oo, I'll be seeing you.

FAN FARE

BROWN EYES: I don't know whether Rin-tin-tin has had any pups or not, but I certainly will find out for you if I can.

JUST A FAN: Aren't you sweet to say so, but after all

one should do one's best, one should shouldn't one?

BILLY: Certainly, Clara Bow always wears bloomers on the set. Go to your room.



MAY 26

SE 235 30 DL-NEW YORK N Y 26 950A
KIRK KING
COLOSSAL FILM CORPORATION

HOLLYWOOD CALIF
YOUR BUELOW BIRD HAS MORE SECRETARIES
THAN PAUL WHITEMAN HAS CHINS STOP HAVE
TRIED EVERY WAY OF REACHING HIM FOR A
WEEK SHORT OF TUNNELLING STOP WHAT HAVE
YOU

JIMMY

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MAY 26

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JIMMY DOYLE

CARE EVENING TAB

NEW YORK CITY N Y

TRY PUTTING ON A SKIRT

KIRK

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

June 5.

MISS NITA DUGAN,

HOTEL SCRIBE,

RUE SCRIBE,

PARIS.

DEAR SIS:

Guess what I've been doing the last two weeks—riding herd on a movie director—a big megaphone and puttee man from the West. His name is Fritz Buelow and he made *Sinners in Love* and *Lovers in Sin* and who gives a damn? I do and I'll tell you why. There was a blurb in the *Tab* the other night about him, that he was hot for a jazz-mad baby that could make yip yip and faw down in a new squeakie and I says to myself Fritzie I'm just what your osteopath ordered to stop that pain in your head and I owe

it not only to you but Will Hays and the industry to come through and quick and pretty. So I high-heeled right over to the Ambassador and asked old Poker Face at the desk to tell Fritz the good news. Buelow, says he, there's nobody here by that name, and I says well I saw it in the paper he was stopping here and Icyle says what paper and I says the *Evening Tab* and crossed myself quick and he says we take the *Times* here and I says come, come, it's a short life at the best so why not be pals along the way and if you don't like that you can take your high hat and I only wish it were a pineapple and Buelow is here and I bet your father was an acrobat and Dixie Dugan is the name and send it up pronto. All of which didn't get me here to there with old Broad A so I picked it up and dusted it off and took it around the block. Around and around. Thinking to myself how am I gonna get to this bozo. Why isn't there a Human Fly in my family that could shin up the brick work? Then I get a big hunch. Jimmy, I says, he used to be on a paper and these birds are pelicans for publicity so I rang Jimmy, and give him the works and he laughs so loud he sounds like two Texas Guinans gone hay wire. How will YOU get into see him says Jimmy. Tell me first how I get in. I've been tailing him for weeks with night letters of introduction and they won't even let me off at his floor. And why do you want to see him anyway, and I told him I was off the legit for a while and had a big letch for the movies now that the apple

knockers could hear me as well as see me and he says well even if Buelow and I were as close as call and settle I wouldn't help you meet him and I wants to know and he says because he's a bad bimbo and I says tell mother and he says well he's one of those guys that's on the make for every dame on the lot and I says do tell, ain't mother nature the old devil and he says and what's more if I hear any more about you trying to see this guy I'll sock you right on your pretty nose. That from Jimmy, mind you, so I says there you go making love to me again over the 'phone but that won't stop me from trying to see Mr. Buelow whom I consider a genius and if you can't wangle it I'll certainly find somebody who can because I know that me and the screen are going to be just like that and then I hung up maddizell and went into another big huddle with myself.

And then whatcha think. The old subconscious went put-put and the old brain backfired or something for a perfectly elegant idear snuck out. Whoops says I why didn't I think of that before and I dashed to the nearest telegraph office and sent Buelow a wire saying

SENDING SPECIAL STAFF WRITER
MISS DUGAN TO INTERVIEW YOU
FOR FULL PAGE SUNDAY FEATURE
STORY WILL TELEPHONE FOR AP-
POINTMENT PAN-AMERICAN NEWS-
PAPER SYNDICATE.

Well, Goofus, it worked like nobody's neverminds. When I called up the next day a secretary said Mr. Buelow was extremely busy but he would grant me an interview the following evening at nine o'clock in his apartment and would I be prompt as Mr. Buelow was a very important and busy man and if I wasn't exactly on time and so on and so on and I said I was going to be busy too as I had to squeeze Mr. Buelow in between Lindbergh at 8.30 and the Marx Brothers at 9.20 but I'd do my best.

And, baby, that tomorrow is today and tonight's the night. Nine o'clock is the zero hour. Block that kick, block that kick, block that kick. Hoooooooooooo-ooooooooold 'em, Vassar.

DIXIE.

II

The Fuzzy-Wuzzy . . . a creep joint in Harlem. An assortment of couples in ochre, beige, Arabian sand and postum shades doing the bumpity-bump under revolving lights—red and green—while a small hot band makes dirty wah-wah. It is edging on to midnight which is only the middle of the afternoon north of 135th. At a small dishevelled table sit Dixie Dugan and Jacques Goldfarb.

GOLDFARB: He ought to be along here any minute now.

DIXIE: So you've been telling me for the last three hours.

GOLDFARB: He must have got caught in a story conference over at the studio. He's a demon for work, Mr. Buelow, and this is the most important picture he's ever directed. It's an epic.

DIXIE: What's an epic?

GOLDFARB: Well, it's something—something—*(makes eloquent gesture with hands)* like that, see? Big! It's called *Sinning Lovers*.

DIXIE: Do they sin in a big way—with sound and effects? Listen to that wench sing. Hot Dow!

*Oh yu may leave an' go to Halli-ma-fack
But mah slow draag'll bring yu back
Yu may go but this (slap) will bring yu back.*

GOLDFARB: Mr. Buelow said for us to be sure and wait here for him, that he didn't want you to be disappointed in getting your interview.

DIXIE: What's your racket?

GOLDFARB (*indignantly*): Racket? I'm Mr. Buelow's personal representative; his general manager, and also in charge of his press relations.

DIXIE (*humming*): You may go but this will bring you back. (*Absently*) Don't those boogie femmes have funny shaped fannies? (*Coming to suddenly*) Oh, I beg your pardon!

GOLDFARB (*suddenly*): Say listen, Miss Dugan, d'you like this writing business?

DIXIE: Writing business? No, I can't say that I do, but it's a living and a girl must live. Ask me why.

GOLDFARB: You're too pretty to be writing for a living.

DIXIE: That's what I often tell myself. Only this morning I said to myself, Dixie, you're too pretty to be writing for a living, and then I listened but I didn't hear anything—so that's why I'm here, waiting to interview your famous Mr. Buelow, and if he doesn't show up pretty soon he'll get a good journalistic kick in the pants from me. Are you there?

GOLDFARB (*shaking flask ruefully*): We seem to have killed it. I wish I knew somebody here.

DIXIE: I'll fix that. Call Charlie there at the door.

GOLDFARB: Why, have you been here before?

DIXIE: I laid the cornerstone, and broke a bottle

of gin on it as it slid down the ways. No, that was a ferry boat. Say, Charlie, we want a quart of Scotch. He'll get it for you—he's a good egg. How do I do it? That's the power of the press you read about.

GOLDFARB: How would you like to go into the movies? (*Reaching for her hand*) I can fix it up.

DIXIE: You don't have to hold that—I wouldn't hit you.

GOLDFARB: I think you would be cute in the movies.

DIXIE: I shouldn't wonder. That's what my older brother was saying the other day, Sam. He isn't very bright. Spends all of his time writing to the papers saying I'm a little girl sixteen years old and my boy friend doesn't speak to me any more. Do you think it is because I'm getting warts? I'm sure he is too much of a gentleman to say so. What shall I do? Shall I get another boy friend who doesn't mind warts or shall I get some more warts and not bother about the boys?

GOLDFARB: Suppose I could get you a screen test?

DIXIE: All right, I'm supposing.

GOLDFARB (*capturing the other hand*): I think you'd be a knockout in the movies.

DIXIE: You're repeating yourself, Mister—get on—get on.

GOLDFARB: You don't seem to like me.

DIXIE: I don't see how you can say that. I'm very fond of you. I had an uncle once who looked like you. I remember I was just a little bit of a girl,

and then one day a lot of men came to the house and took him away. Raise your elbow a bit—that's better. They have good Scotch here. Charlie says he wouldn't take any chances. If it's for a friend he cuts it himself. Oh, how d'you do.

GOLDFARB (*jumping up*) : Oh, hello. Mr. Buelow, I want you to meet Miss Dugan.

BUELOW: How do you do. Sorry to keep you waiting. May I present Chiquita Tortilla? This is Miss Dugan. You have seen Miss Tortilla, of course?

CHIQUITA (*extending small dark hand*) : I am ver' please to like you, yes? (*To Buelow with flashing black eyes*) Miss Doogan who she?

BUELOW: A newspaper writer. Writes for the—the—what do you write for?

DIXIE (*uncertainly*) : The—the *All American Newspaper Syndicate*.

GOLDFARB: I thought you said the *Pan American*?

DIXIE (*laughing it off*) : It's really the *All American*, but we call it the *Pan American* because we're always putting somebody in the grease.

CHIQUITA: In th' grease? What's that?

BUELOW: Miss Tortilla hasn't been in this country long. She doesn't understand the American slang. In fact, she hasn't been here long enough to understand much about the country, have you?

CHIQUITA (*taking cue*) : Ah, but I love thee grand America. Eet ees so beeg, so reech an' effry-body so nice eet make my heart go boomp boomp.

DIXIE: Is Miss Chiquita boompng in the picture you're making now?

BUELOW: She plays Lilith in the ancient story and the Red Hot Mamma in the Modern Babylon part—that's New York—you know skyscrapers, modern towers of Babylon—Babel—well, same thing.

GOLDFARB (*worried*): Mannheim was looking for you this evening . . . he was in the projection room looking at the Coney Island rushes.

BUELOW: What did he want?

GOLDFARB: He was sorter glum. Said there wasn't enough sex in the merry-go-round sequence.

BUELOW: There you go, Miss Dugan. That gives you an idea. Every time you try to do something Big in this business a supervisor pops up out of a man-hole and gums the works.

DIXIE: What's a supervisor?

GOLDFARB: The gag is that he's a guy that's hired by the front office to keep Gentiles from getting too artistic.

BUELOW: And after I go and shoot the merry-go-round with allegorical dissolves that show Life is a mad carrousel going around and 'round in tinsel grandeur to the cheap blare of that gaudy Calliope called fame—this big button-hole presser yells for more sex.

DIXIE: What does he want? More It in the horsies?

BUELOW (*pouring himself drink*): I guess so.

DIXIE: You might have 'em all come alive and go

on the make for each other. (*Singing with orchestra.*)

*I'm not much to look at, nothin' to see
Just glad I'm livin' and lucky to be—
I got a woman crazy for me,
She's funny that way.*

BUELOW: That's good. What's that?

DIXIE: Dick Whiting's newest. Ain't it diggety? I feel like laying down a few flat arches. Who's for that?

GOLDFARB (*rising*): Come on!

BUELOW (*quickly*): Here! It's my dance. (*Holding her closely as Chiquita stares after them in angry surprise*): Say, you're different from most of these writers.

DIXIE (*singing*):

*I can't save a dollar, ain't worth a cent
She doesn't holler, she'd live in a tent,
I got a woman crazy for me,
She's funny that way . . .*

Who's different?

BUELOW: You are. I like you.

DIXIE: Come, come, Mister. Heads up.

BUELOW: Do you like writing for a living?

DIXIE: Just nerts. Take a typewriter to bed with me every night.

BUELOW: Is that all?

DIXIE: And some paper. Let's talk about you.

Are you really a genius? Do you think talking pictures are here to stay? How long are you gonna be in New York? Does your little Mexican friend carry a knife? She's madder'n hell.

BUELOW: Say, you're a swell dancer, kid.

DIXIE: It all dates from the day I clipped that coupon. Now I make all my own clothes and speak to the waiter in perfect French. But you should see me with a typewriter.

BUELOW: In bed?

DIXIE: With a typewriter. (*Sings.*)

*When I hurt her feelings once in a while
Her only answer is one little smile
I got a woman crazy for me,
She's funny that way.*

There's a damfool for you.

BUELOW: Say, listen, you're too pretty to be writing for a living . . .

DIXIE: . . . how would you like to have a screen test? Is that it?

BUELOW: Well, how would you?

DIXIE: No.

BUELOW (*stunned*): What?

DIXIE: What do I want with a screen test? Suppose it turned out good? I'd have to leave New York and go to Hollywood and make pictures. And what for? There are too many pictures now. Let's make 'em play an encore. Come on, clap hands. . . . No, I guess that's all. Back we go, and you

better pipe down on that screen test stuff when we arrive, or your little Hot Tamale won't like it.

BUELOW: Where does she get off telling me? Why, I made her!

DIXIE: Just a little old star-maker, what?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

June 6th.

MISS NITA DUGAN,
HOTEL SCRIBE,
RUE SCRIBE,
PARIS.

DEAR SIS:

Guess what? I have a movie director on my trail and a song writer on my hands. Life is getting full of that old meaning for me and to think that just a few weeks ago I was feeling so low I would have gone away with a flag-pole sitter. And it all happened last night at the Fuzzy-Wuzzy in Harlem where I had gone to meet Fritz Buelow—you know, that director I told you about. Well, I was sitting up there with his manager waiting for him and along about midnight he staggered in with this Mex femme Chiquita Tortilla. Before that his manager, an Eskimo named Goldfarb, started holding hands and talking screen tests, but his technique was very bad and his Scotch wasn't so good either, so he didn't get anywhere. Then Buelow trotted me

around the floor a bit and told me I am too pretty to be writing for a living—I was pretending to be a writer for the papers you see and why not? Who isn't? Channel swimmers, Parachute-jumpers, Flea trainers—they all wind up doing signed articles, telling how they did it, giving advice to young parachute jumpers and flea trainers.

Buelow still thinks I'm a writer and we hadn't been around the floor twice before he was feeling my ribs and talking screen tests. I guess men are pretty much alike except some of them have a lower boiling point. Being a movie director, Buelow seems to figure all he has to do is look masterful, holler allez-ooop, and the little girl does a nip-up. Well, I will say, I encouraged him. After all, this bozo goes places and does things, and if he wanted to give me a lift I could be sitting on top of one of those Beverly Hills throwing rocks at Mary Pickford's cat. Anyway, he was awfully nice to me, and of course, he tried me out right away, but I went completely Winnie-the-Pooh on him and now he probably thinks I'm all seven of the foolish virgins with a touch of Ed Wynn. Anyway, he kept up his lateral passes combined with an occasional end run but the baby sister held for downs on the old one-yard line. I think we play a better open game here than in the west.

I can't say that all this endeared me to little Chiquita, but I should get flats under the eyes worrying about her. Buelow finally talked me into having

a screen and talking test and I'm to go over to the studio in Astoria in a couple of days. He promised me the best camera and mike crew and he would supervise my makeup himself. And would I have dinner with him tomorrow night? Sure, says I, and coffee with liqueur in the salon. So that's that.

But that wasn't all. During the evening several people came over to the table to talk to Buelow and one of them, a song publisher, brought a cute fellow with him and introduced him to us. He was one of those dreamy kids who look a little bit shell-shocked, so you knew right away he must be either a genius or a nut. Well, he sat down with us and had a drink and asked me for a dance and then he told me he was a lyric writer and that he wrote the words for a lot of popular songs that I can't remember now, and that he had just signed a big contract to go West and write theme songs for the movies. You know, like *Ramona*, and *Diane* and *Sonny Boy*. His name is Mike but pretty soon I was calling him Mickey for short. He's kinda cute at that; reminds me a little bit of Denny, my old greeting card weakness. I wonder what's become of him?

Well, to get back to the party: it was still going strong at 4 A. M. with the dance floor jammed and all singing "She's Got Good Bread," but Buelow said he had to be on the set at nine so we all blew up to Childs on the Circle and had bacon and eggs and coffee and Mickey took me home all the way over to Brooklyn which is no way to treat even a

song writer but he was very sweet—sang songs to me all the way over . . . his own, of course, and I kissed him on the nose and told him to call me up sometime if he knew how to dial.

And now I'm wondering what Buelow will say when he finds out I was faking and that I'm not a writer at all, but just a little hoofer who is all burning up with ambition. Gee, Sis, no foolin', I've got to get something pretty soon. Jimmy can't get his show produced which he's been writing for me. He couldn't even get me an introduction to Buelow. He wouldn't anyway—too jealous. Won't he burn up when he finds out I've not only met him anyway but am getting tests and everything? And wouldn't it be just too bad if I did get a break in the movies and went over? Oh boy! Come on Fritz. Do that thing!

Love,
DIXIE.

June 7th.

MISS DIXIE DUGAN,
439 FLATBUSH AVE.,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR DIXIE:

This is one of those hello and goodbye letters. I'm leaving today for Hollywood. It's funny, you know, but I was all pepped up about going out there until I met you the other night and now I hate to

leave little old Broadway and you. That would make a good song don't you think? I love to say hello, I hate to say goodbye, but somewhere the sun is shining and soon I'll be with you, and my black-birds will be blue birds because I love you. That needs a little polishing up. You see, I was just sort of dummy-ing it out.

I think you're awfully sweet. I wish you were coming out to Hollywood or I were staying here where I could see you often. You know, I think you are a real inspiration. You know when I got back home the other night after seeing you I was so pepped up I couldn't go to sleep. All kinds of songs were going through my head and then I thought of a theme song that I'm going to sell as soon as I get out to Hollywood. You know that movie, *The Man Who Laughs*? Well, I was reading in *Variety* they are going to re-issue it with sound and they are looking for a theme song. What do you think of this one? It's just the chorus and it needs a little polishing up, but here's the way it goes:

*Oh man who laughs you make me cry
My Man! You're my man
And I can't live without my man,
The man I love.
Just like a poem by Victor Hugo
I will go wherever you go
Laugh, Man, Laugh, but bye and bye
You will learn what it means to sigh,*

Man Who Laughs (Ha! Ha! Ha!)
You make me cry.

I think it ought to be a big hit. You can see it's got a lot of good commercial things in it. Part of *My Man* which was a big sock and *The Man I Love* which was one of Gershwin's best, and part of *Laugh Clown Laugh*, and then at the end where I have the laughing indicated I'll have the composer pull in a strain of Pagliacci and besides all that I think those are two swell wow lines:—

Just like a poem by Victor Hugo
I will go wherever you go.

That's a new rhyme too. That'll hold Gus Kahn! And I bet Berlin won't be so chesty about his "valise-full of books to read where it's peaceful." Do you get it—valise-full, peaceful? That was in *Lazy*.

When I go out to the coast I'm going to team with Dick Whiting . . . you know, the fellow who wrote the tune for *Horses* and *Japanese Sand Man*, and *Ain't We Got Fun* and a whole lot more? But just the same, I wish you were going to be out there. I'm going to miss you something terribly. I never fell so hard before. Say, that's not a bad start for a lyric. I never fell so hard before, until I fell for you, and there could be a swell wow line in the chorus something like this:—

Falling in love is old and slow
I jump right in, I'd have you know.

Will you please write to me—I don't think I could stand it not to hear from you any more. Honest, I mean it! You can reach me at the Roosevelt Hotel, Hollywood, until further notice.

Sincerely,

MIKE (*Call me Mickey*) O'KEEFE.

DIXIE DUGAN RATES TEST.

(From Variety, week of June 14th)

Fritz Buelow, the Colossal director, has been in town handing out screen and voice tests to likely-looking gals. Object: important roles in the thepeakie thequentheth of his newest epic "Sinning Lovers." The latest to rate a few hundred feet of sound track is Dixie Dugan, who will be remembered

as the cute little baggage in "Get Your Girl" and before that, in vode tab out in the alfalfa zone long enough to take a few bows and get herself kidnapped for a hat full of headlines. Dixie should do well in this new racket, and when we say racket we mean sound.



WOODSTOCK, N. Y.

JUNE 16TH

SB597 WOODSTOCK N Y 13 91 5A

DIXIE DUGAN

439 FLATBUSH AVE BROOKLYN N Y

DO I HAVE TO READ VARIETY TO FIND OUT
WHAT YOU'RE DOING

JIMMIE

POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES	
CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED	
Day Telegram	
Day Letter	
Night Telegram	
Night Letter	
The sender must mark on it exactly the class of service desired otherwise the telegram will be transmitted as a Day Telegram.	
TELEGRAM TELEGRAMS TO ALL AMERICA CABLEGRAMS TO ALL THE WORLD	
Registered Name _____ Address _____ Day Phone _____ Night Phone _____ OFFICIAL USE	

JUNE 16TH

NC322 BROOKLYN N Y 7 235P

JIMMY DOYLE

WOODSTOCK N Y

LOUDER

DIXIE

POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES	
CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED	
Day Telegram	
Day Letter	
Night Telegram	
Night Letter	
The sender must mark on it exactly the class of service desired otherwise the telegram will be transmitted as a Day Telegram.	
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Registered Name _____ Address _____ Day Phone _____ Night Phone _____ OFFICIAL USE	

JUNE 17TH

SA635 WOODSTOCK N Y 19DL 1031A

DIXIE DUGAN

439 FLATBUSH AVE BROOKLYN N Y

HOW DID YOU GET TO BUELOW WHATS ALL THE
SECRECY FOR

JIMMY



JUNE 17TH

NA437 BROOKLYN N Y 11 436P

JIMMY DOYLE

WOODSTOCK N Y

ONE MY IMAGINATION TWO YOUR IMAGINA-
TION

DIXIE

COLOSSAL FILM CORPORATION

Eastern Offices

1500 BROADWAY

NEW YORK

June 21st.

MISS DIXIE DUGAN,
439 FLATBUSH AVE.,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR MISS DUGAN:

Your recent screen and sound test has been completed. Could you come in the early part of next

week and have a talk with our production manager
Mr. Zouftig?

Very truly yours,
COLOSSAL FILM CORPORATION.
per I. NEBBICK,
Asst. to Production Mgr.

III

ON BOARD
THE TWENTIETH CENTURY
LIMITED

June 28.

DEAR DIARY:

Now that I am beginning a new life so to speak, I am going to tell you every day just what I do and think because some day this all may be valuable and when interviewers say how did you start your wonderful career in the motion pictures I can refer them to you Diary and they can see for themselves I'm not handing them a lot of horsefeathers. I suppose too Diary we should keep posterity in mind because when they came across a word like horsefeathers and didn't know what it meant we should have it defined somewhere, so for the sake of posterity horsefeathers means a lot of cha-cha and cha-cha means what diaries are usually full of. I was reading one only the other day in one of the screen magazines and it went something like this:

JAN. 11. Out with X last night. We took a ride. He's awfully sweet.

JAN. 12. Saw X again. Had my hair washed.

JAN. 13. Had the white wrap dry-cleaned. X didn't call me up. Going to have a voice test. Here's hoping.

This was advertised as a sensational secret diary and was supposed to be all perfume and hot pants. Well, it rolls off my knife. They needn't blow some my way. I think if a girl keeps a diary she should put in it only things that matter—things which reveal her real self so when in after years she reads it back it will recall all the sweet times she has had and the merry hell she used to raise which will take the curse off of sitting around crocheting diapers for the youngest generation.

Which reminds me of a poem Julius Tannen used to recite:

*Oh I wish there were some wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning again,
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches
And all of our poor selfish grief
Could be dropped like a shabby old coat at the
door
And never put on again.*

I think that's a honey. It always socks me, especially if I'm a little ginny.

And now Diary, let us bounce right off into the facts and figures. I was born at the usual age in the usual way, of poor parents who, as I grew to a babbling child, spent most of their time wondering why they saved me and drowned the others out of the litter. I am now five feet two inches tall and weigh 110 pounds bed-side where I sleep alone, worse luck.

I've an older sister Nita who is a dear, a younger brother, Sam, who is a nut. My father is a hard worker and has been that way for forty-five years. He is also bow-legged, not from riding horse-back in the park but from being run ragged by installment collectors. As a matter of fact, the only thing we ever get on the radio now is an attachment. Mother still wears petticoats and silk stockings with cotton tops and her favorite reading is glue advertising pages showing how to make artistic lamp shades at home out of those cardboard pieces the laundry sends back in the shirt fronts.

So much for my family. As for me I am nineteen years old and what is technically known as a virgin although I have been most thoroughly and thrillingly mauled on many occasions which I will tell you about in detail some other time. Just now I must tell you Diary what I should have told you at the very beginning, where I am and why and how come. Well, I'm on the Twentieth Century Limited, on my way to Chicago where I will get on The Chief Limited and ride, God knows how long, until I get to Hollywood where I am going to be a motion picture star and ride at least two Rolls Royces at a time, Roman style.

I hope you'll excuse me just a little while Diary—it is getting dark and they have just announced the fourth or fifth call for dinner. I've often wondered why they start calling dinner so early in these diners. I guess the waiters all want to get it over

with as soon as possible, and they figure if they start early enough and nag enough you'll get sick of it and eat and get rid of them. Of course, I could have it served here in my compartment, and maybe I will, because if I go to the diner I may meet some people and they'll take my mind off what I've got to do on the way out West. I want to study and learn all I can about this voice control, enunciation and deep breathing etc., so that I will make good in the talkies, or as they are more affectionately known, the belchers and a week or whatever it is I will be on the train won't be any too long for me to wade through this book on Tuning-in the Tonsils or Tricks on the Trachae or Marooned with the Adenoids in Movieland . . .

Well, I'm back again Diary, with a special plate dinner inside of me and two bucks less in the grouch-bag, which I call putting a light finger on me considering the re-fueling job I did. I was given one of those tables for two and was prepared not to be angry if some good-looking male was seated opposite me and his better nature tricked him into talking to me and eventually out-fumbling me for the check. But wouldn't it be little Dixie's luck to draw the only elderly minister on the train. Two bucks that cost. I can't help wondering how Sadie Thompson would have handled the situation.

It's dark outside and I can see myself in the window, except when we're going through the towns which are all alike. A few lights away off, and then

a lot of lights and then a helluva lot of lights and a long platform with a lot of faces like pies looking up and over their heads a sign that says NEW SMEAR or MUTZBURG or if the train is going real fast just SKRR. I bet they wish they were on this train, and I bet if any one of those little Main Street gazelles was offered a chance to be where I am tonight she would jump right out of her bloomers. I'm still a little dizzy myself figuring how I'm here. It just seems like yesterday since I got the hunch to wire Fritz Buelow, the Colossal Director, for an interview. Of course it was just a rib to see him, as the only thing I know about newspapers is that they smell good when they're fresh and you can't believe a word in them. Why they seal them up in corner-stones I don't know. I think that fellow down in Texas years ago had the right idea. When they opened up one of his corner-stones years later a horned toad jumped out. Corner-stones ought to always have good gags in them for posterity so they'll think more kindly of us. I seem to be worrying a lot about posterity tonight. Train-riding always seems to stir up dat ole devil sex in me. It isn't just chance that New York and Hollywood are at the two ends of such a long train trip and Iowa is somewhere in the middle. There's an idea for a book or something: A Lay Of The Prairie or Made In The Midlands. I'm going to bed Diary. I'm tired and I've got such a nice new pair of pyjamas and no one to admire them.

June 29.

Arrived in LaSalle Street Station this morning and got on The Chief this evening. So that was Chicago. Not so hot. A great big Newark I would say. New York is a jazz-band playing diga-diga-doo but Chicago is just a big megaphone with an overgrown boy hollering through it: Look at me, ain't I big for my age. One of Nita's old boy friends took me around and showed me the park system and the lions in front of the Art Institute which are different from the ones in front of the New York Public Library because they look like lions and those on Fifth Avenue look like Adolphe Menjou. Saw a good picture at the Chicago—one of those big movie houses like a glorified carbuncle. It was all alabaster and rhinestones and mauve and orange lights with gold organ pipes and ankle-deep carpets. Something like the Paramount in New York which somebody says was Cecil DeMille's idea of God's bathroom. Well, I'm like the little girl in the New Yorker cartoon—they can call it broccoli but I say it's spinach and I say to hell with it.

Third call for dinner. I guess I'll look over the new cargo in the diner. If we didn't take on a hotter looking load in Chicago than we did in New York I'll go up and sit with the engineer.



JUNE 29

SA354 30 DL NEW YORK N Y 29 1201P

DIXIE DUGAN

CARE THE CHIEF TWENTIETH CENTURY LIM-
ITED WESTBOUNDYOU EVEN HAD TO TAKE THE SAME TRAIN
WITH BUELOW I HOPE HE MAKES A BIGGER
FOOL OF YOU THAN YOU ARE IF THAT IS POS-
SIBLE

JIMMY DOYLE

Can you imagine it Diary, while I was having dinner I got the snootiest wire from Jimmy accusing me of taking the same train with Buelow. That's the director who got me my screen and voice test you know after I pretended to be a newspaper woman and I was interviewing him. I didn't tell you before Diary, but Jimmy was sore as a boil about me meeting him in the first place and then letting him make a test of me in the second place. But when the company called me into the office and told me the test was good enough to give me a contract and send me out to the coast then Jimmy just burned up, said Buelow was on the make for me or he wouldn't have wasted that much time on me. I said,

of course he's on the make and what of it, all men are, only some are sneaky and don't admit it and then he said well maybe you didn't sell out for a test but you certainly will have to for a rôle, and then Diary did I bear down on him. What do you mean maybe I didn't sell out for a test I said, what a filthy nerve you've got to talk to me like that. If that's what you really think of me you can get to hell out and if I never see you again it'll be too soon, and then he said I was a double-crosser and a sneak and I told him he was a liar and a bum and after that we began to get personal. It was the first real fight we had ever had, Jimmy and I, and the queerest part of it Diary was that I really enjoyed it. There's nothing like fighting with somebody you're crazy about to pick you right up and give you that warm glow. It's better than a cold shower and a rub-down. I felt just great but only for about an hour or two then the reaction set in. The effect began to wear off like those lushing parties where the liquor runs out about ten o'clock in the evening and about eleven you run down like a victrola record. At two in the morning I was still calling the pillow dirty names and punching it. You see, it was Jimmy. It was all soaked with tears at three o'clock. I know because I heard the clock strike three and then four and the next thing I knew I was holding Jimmy in my arms and we were whispering to each other and feeling that extra tender toward each other. You know the way people do after they've had a big

fight and are making up and then Jimmy kissed me until I struggled for breath and I woke up and it was that damn pillow.

Now he sends me a wire saying that I'm on the train with Buelow and he hopes Buelow makes a bigger fool of me than I am if that is possible. What's the matter with him—is he crazy, and even if Buelow was on the same train with me, which he isn't, what of it? Jimmy ought to know by this time I can take care of myself and he knows I love him, or I did anyway. I guess maybe I still do, Diary or maybe I don't, I don't know. To hell with love anyway, I'm going in for a career. After I'm a big success I'll have plenty of time for love and probably better opportunities. Jimmy can stay in New York and burn up for all I care. Maybe I'll answer his wire and tell him so. I wonder what he's doing tonight. Out with some dame I guess. Gee, he's a sweet boy. Ah, to hell with him. I'm going to bed.

June 30.

Woke up this morning and it was just a little after eight o'clock and we were in Kansas City. Two good reasons for going back to sleep. Had my breakfast in my berth, dressed and left the door open hoping something would happen. Nothing did. Lunch in the diner with nothing to see outside the window except a big landing field. Asked the conductor what it was and he said it was Kansas. Lindy

would love it. Took my first good look at the map today. It seems we have to go all the way through not only Kansas but Nebraska, part of Colorado, part of New Mexico, all of Arizona and all of California before we get to this Hollywood place. Ho hum!

Just finished my eighth or tenth trip through the train, trying each time to look as though I had a different reason. Saw nothing in the Pullmans except rows of closed compartment doors—some with yip-yip coming through. In the open Pullmans they were either playing bridge or sleeping with magazines over their faces. I wish my voice culture book would put me into a nice coma that would last until I get to the coast. Stuff like this ought to do it, but it doesn't.

Breathing out:—In order to secure an even and continuous air pressure three forces have to be considered:—

1. The elastic recoil of the inflated lungs and expanded chest.

2. The contraction of abdominal muscles that assist the relaxed diaphragm to return to its place and

3. The contraction of muscles that pull down the ribs.

Loads of this! Now I ask you!

It's getting dark outside but not dark enough. I hope I never see another grain elevator as long as

I live. Have to kill at least an hour before I can eat. What else is there to do on a trip like this—anyway, if you're alone. Wish Buelow *was* on the train but I'm sure he's still in New York finishing up the street shots for *Sinning Lovers*. Last time I saw him was at the studio making my test. And he called me up and congratulated me on getting my contract. The last thing he said was don't forget it's full of options. You see Diary, it's a five-year contract with options every three months the first two years and every six months after that. And one of those morality clauses. I had heard a lot about them but I never saw one before. Here's the way it goes, I think it's cute:—

The Artist agrees to conduct herself during the period of her employment with due regard to public convention and morals, and agrees that she will not become intoxicated or become involved in any scandal or become the subject of comment by any publication reflecting on her character or tending to lessen her drawing ability or popularity as an actress, and agrees that she will neither do nor commit any act or become involved in any situation or occurrence tending to degrade her in society or bring her into public hatred, contempt, scorn or ridicule, or tending to shock, insult, offend, or outrage the community or public morals or decency, or tending to the prejudice of, or to the financial injury, or injury to the business of the Producer, or the motion picture industry generally and in the event the Artist violates any

term or provision of this paragraph, or of the happening of any of said incidents, the Producer is given the right, at his option, at any time thereafter, to cancel and annul this agreement on giving five (5) days' notice in writing to the Artist of his intention so to do.

There doesn't seem much chance of getting into a mixup with that clause on this train. All these closed compartments may be full of possibilities but the only man I've met to talk to at all turned out to be a climate salesman coming back from his first visit to the East. And his last if he can help it, sez he. Sez I, too.

July 1st.

Hollywood tomorrow morning. Whoopee! All day today we have been going through the desert. Was sitting out on the observation platform and my climate salesman sat down with me and talked California sunshine and irrigation. See all that desert, sez he, all it needs is water and I sez that ain't news pa-pah. And now after thousands of years sez he it's going to get it, isn't that funny? And I sez it's plum hilarious but who wants water? If they did don't you think the place would be running over with bootleggers on camels smuggling genuine pre-war water from the Great Lakes. I hope to tell you. Yes sir. You don't get the idea, sez he. Water is what makes the desert blossom like a rose and now with

the Boulder Dam going through all this you see here will be orange groves and avocados and figs and pecans, and towns springing up everywhere with lovely homes and schools. Think of that, sez he, and I told him I'd rather not. There are too many schools and homes and filling stations now I sez. I've just gone through Kansas and I ought to know. The desert is beautiful I sez and restful, and here you want to go and fill it full of vegetables and mortgages and deferred payments. People like you are a menace I sez and ought to be suppressed. Never happy unless you're starting a subdivision somewhere and he sez all joking aside you can buy big chunks of the desert cheap now before the Boulder Dam goes in. Fifty cents an acre or you can homestead a section for only sixty dollars, but you have to live on it seven months a year. In other words, the Government bets you sixty dollars against 640 acres that you can't live there seven months without starving to death or being fried alive. It isn't on record that the government has ever lost. And then he asked me where I am going and I told him to Hollywood, then he told me he lived there, and then I did get interested Diary, and asked him if he knew any of the stars and he said no. I asked him if he had ever seen any of them and he said well he thought he saw Strongheart once, but he wasn't sure—it might have been another dog. So then I stopped talking to him and watched the sun set on the desert and it was so beautiful it made me wish there

were somebody with me I was crazy about so we could sit and watch it together.

After dinner I read all the magazines in the club car and in one of them I ran across a cute poem signed by—who do you think, Diary? One guess? Wrong! It was Mickey O'Keefe, my theme song writer, the one I met up in Harlem when I was out with Fritz Buelow and his manager Goldfarb and Fritzie's sweetie Chiquita Tortilla. I swiped it out of the car and I'm going to copy it down here so I won't forget it:—

A PRAYER FOR YOUR HOUSE

(With a bow to Eddie Guest)

*Oh, it takes a heap o' licker in a house t' make
it home*

*A heap o' Scotch an' Bourbon an' ye sometimes
have ter roam*

*Aroun' th' hull durn city 'for ye'll find a guy
who'll know*

*Anuther guy who knows a guy who knows a
place ter go.*

*It don't make nary diff'rence how rich ye git
ter be*

*By matrimony, alimony, fee or legacy,
It jest ain't home though it might be th' palace
of a king*

If ye ain't got a lot o' gin an' rye 'n' everything.

*Oh then ye c'n sit aroun' an' sing an' ye c'n
romp an' play*

*An' learn ter love 'most anyone in any sort o'
way.*

*An' th' roses on yer noses they'll jest blossom
all th' year,*

*An' git ter be a part o' ye, suggestin' someone
dear,*

*Who usta love 'em long ago when ye wuz just
a souse*

*An' th' kind old bar-keep usta say Boys, this'n's
on th' house.*

*An' so I say God bless yer house from cellar up
to dome*

*But it takes a heap o' lickin' in a house t' make
it home.*

July 2nd.

I'm in Hollywood, Diary. What a kick. The first thing I saw when I looked out the window this morning was orange groves. I recognized them right away because I saw one once in the Music Box Revue, only that one had electric lights instead of oranges. I asked someone on the train where I ought to stop and they told me the Ambassador if I wanted

to be where all the movie people go. Well, that's where I want to be because now I'm a movie person. Maybe I'll be a star too—who knows? It makes my heart stand still when I think of it. I'm sitting here at the window looking out at all the lights sprinkled all over the hills. Those must be the Beverly Hills they talk about. I wonder which light is Mary Pickford. Maybe it's that one over there, away up high. I'll hold you up Diary so you can see it.

Wasn't that a big joke on us Diary, thinking there was nobody on the train. No movie people—no celebrities. Why when the train stopped at Pasadena the platform was full of photographers and out of all those closed compartments swarmed stars with their arms full of roses, posing for the photographers on the steps of the train. There was Norma Talmadge and Gloria Swanson and her Marquis and Eric Von Stroheim and Adolphe Menjou and several more and the platform simply seethed with chauffeurs and footmen and maids and reporters and movie photographers. And here I rode clear across the country right in the middle of all these celebrities and didn't even know they were around. Believe me, when I become a star and come west on the train I'll walk around a little bit and give the beginners something to look at. And I'll talk to them too and give them a bit of advice and tell them how it was with me when I started. Yes, you're a bit frightened at first, I'll tell them, but then if you work hard and keep your mind on your business and of course if

you have some talent too you're bound to succeed just like me. And then I'll autograph my picture for them—the one I'm going to have taken holding a big black cat right next to my face. Something like one I saw once with Dolores del Rio. I've got good eyes too. They say that's one of the most important things in pictures. Well, I'll know more about it in just a few weeks. Tomorrow I'm going out to the studio. I called them up today and told them I was here. There was some dumbbell on the other end of the wire—he didn't seem to understand me. I had to spell the name two or three times. He'll be the first one to go when I get set out there. I told him I was out here under contract and imagine the dirty nerve of him. What of it, he says, who isn't? So I explained to him I had just arrived from New York where I had signed a contract to act in the Colossal pictures and he says what do you want me to do about it? And I says all you have to do about it is to get somebody on the 'phone who understands English so I can talk to him in my native tongue. He hung up on me but I rang back and he finally let me talk to somebody's secretary who told me to come out tomorrow morning and report to the executive office where somebody would take care of me.

Tomorrow morning, Diary! I'd better go to bed early and get a good night's sleep so I'll look my best. I think I'll say a little prayer, too, before I roll in. I'll sure mean it tonight.

IV

(From The Hollywood Daily Screen World—July 4th)

BROADWAY STAR ARRIVES FOR SINGING—DANCING ROLE. DIXIE DUGAN OF "GET YOUR GIRL" HIT SIGNED BY COLOSSAL

That the movies are continuing their raid on the legitimate stage is evidenced by the daily arrival in Hollywood of more Broadway singing and dancing favourites. The latest to come to the golden west in search of fame and fortune is Dixie Dugan, petite brunette star of "Get Your Girl," a Broadway hit of last year. She has signed a five year contract with Colossal, the first two years subject to options of three months to be exercised by the studio with

generous salary increases. We hope Dixie will be given the right kind of opportunities so that when her first three months have expired, Colossal will find it to their best interests to retain her. It is said Miss Dugan is a protégé of Fritz Buelow, the directing genius who discovered her in New York. He has found and made a number of our biggest stars, and Dixie can consider herself fortunate that she attracted his attention.

~~~~~

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JULY 5TH

SC448 18 DL NEW YORK N Y 22 107P

DIXIE DUGAN

CARE COLOSSAL FILM CORP

HOLLYWOOD CALIF

MET BUELOW TODAY A THOUSAND PARDONS



FOR ACCUSING YOU OF TAKING SAME TRAIN  
TO COAST WITH HIM

JIMMY

| POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                                                         |
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JULY 5TH

NA224 5 HOLLYWOOD CALIF 14 702P

JAMES DOYLE

ALGONQUIN HOTEL

NEW YORK N Y

SEE YOUR THOUSAND RAISE YOU TEN

DIXIE

| POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                                                         |
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| <b>CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED</b><br>Day Telegram<br>Day Letter<br>Night Telegram<br>Night Letter<br><small>The sender must mark on it clearly the day of service desired otherwise the telegram will be transmitted as a day telegram.</small> | <b>TELEGRAM</b><br>TELEGRAMS<br>CABLEGRAMS<br>THE WORLD |

JULY 6TH

SC439 6 NEW YORK N Y 12 903A

DIXIE DUGAN

CARE COLOSSAL FILM CORP

HOLLYWOOD CALIF

AM I FORGIVEN

JIMMY



JULY 6TH

NB734 15 HOLLYWOOD CALIF 22 247P

JAMES DOYLE

ALGONQUIN HOTEL

NEW YORK N Y

DO YOU THINK MY HEART IS A REVOLVING  
DOOR STOP GO LAY AN EGG

DIXIE



JULY 7TH

SC558 7 NEW YORK N Y 20 DL 1045A

DIXIE DUGAN

CARE COLOSSAL FILM CORP

HOLLYWOOD CALIF

SO THATS THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT IT MIGHT  
HAVE KNOWN A LITTLE SUCCESS WOULD GO TO  
YOUR HEAD

JIMMY

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA.

July 7th.

DEAREST JIMMY DARLING:

I don't mean a word of it. I don't want you to be mad at me. I'm so lonesome out here without you. I even read and re-read your wires just to

---

JIMMY DARLING:

I got your nasty wire and think it was pretty mean of you in view of the way you talked to me before I left when I

---

JIMMY:

What's the big idea anyway of us scrapping when

---

DEAR JIMMY:

Your wire received. Will say you certainly have a nerve to

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DARLING LOVER:

I miss you so I wish you were out here. I look at your picture and God, darling, I love you so. Why are you so mean to

---

DEAR MR. DOYLE:

I think perhaps under the circumstances it would be better if we did not write to each other any more because I feel there can never be complete trust and

confidence between us after what you said to me  
in New York before I came out here with the first  
real oppor



JULY 8TH

NA355 8 HOLLYWOOD CALIF 19 430P

JAMES DOYLE

ALGONQUIN HOTEL

NEW YORK CITY N Y

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO STOP WITH SOUND  
AND EFFECTS

DIXIE



JULY 9TH

SD785 9 NEW YORK N Y 10 1106A

DIXIE DUGAN

CARE COLOSSAL FILM CORP

HOLLYWOOD CALIF

OKAY

JIMMY



JULY 9TH

NC448 9 HOLLYWOOD CALIF 9 533P

JAMES DOYLE

ALGONQUIN HOTEL

NEW YORK CITY N Y

NET

DIXIE

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA.

July 16th.

DARLING NITA:

I'm in Hollywood. I have a movie contract. Tomorrow I start making faces at the camera. I will be what they call out here a lens louse. I know I should have written sooner and kept you posted but I was going places, seeing people, doing things and building character. I told you about Fritz Buelow. He's the director who got me my screen and talking test. He honestly thought I was one of those chatter sisters who write movie malaky for the mags until I went into my routine and then his eyes got this big and he says but you told me and I says that was just a rib to get to you, aren't you glad I made it? I'll tell you after I hear the playback he says. You may be God's gift to the industry and then again you may be a pain in the neck. And then I learned the playback is when they have recorded your voice in a scene, you can go into the next room and almost

immediately they reproduce it through the loud speaker just the way it will sound in the theatre so the director can tell whether you're piano or forte. First I did some silent versions. I laughed heartily at imaginary jokes, cried just bitterly enough not to mess the mascara because my lover had gone to war or had come back or something, and then I opened letters and looked surprised and walked in and out and around and sat down and looked out windows and crossed my legs and a lot of other dramatic things. Then for the sound stuff I sang and danced and recited *Mary Had a Little Lamb* and screamed for help and pleaded for love and then Buelow told me I could go home. I asked him what he thought of it and he said lousy, but just the same they called me into the office a few days later and told me I had promise and they would give me a contract and would start me modestly at a hundred dollars a week for three months with an option to renew at the end of that time for three months more for twice that if good and with further options every three months for the first two years and every six months for the next three so that at the end of five years I would be making two thousand dollars a week. I tried to see Buelow before I left to get in a couple of gloats but he was out on location somewhere with the company shooting *Sinning Lovers*, but he called me up just before I left and told me he'd see me out in Hollywood soon. I hope so. He's an exciting devil and if he wanted to he could push me along faster

in this racket than I could ever go on foot or horseback.

Meanwhile, Jimmy is off me for seeing Buelow and getting a test. And did he burn when I showed him the contract! Said I would go to hell sure in Hollywood and I told him not to be putting ideas into my young head. After all, I says to him, there's nothing to stop you from coming out and going to hell with me. How would that be for a title, Hell Bent for Hollywood? Don't tell it, sell it. I left him frothing and he has been pelting me ever since I got out here with wires trying to make up. After what you said to me I says to him you can scram. So we left it that way. But just the same Sis whenever I think of him I get a toothache in my heart. Whatever it is he needs he's got. However, I've met some cute kids out here. One of the first to look me up and trot me around was my theme song writer Mickey O'Keefe. He's working for my outfit in a bungalow full of theme song writers. It used to be the hospital. Mickey took me all around the lot one day—acres and acres of western towns and colonial mansions and streets in Venice and a dozen huge buildings they call stages. In some of them as many as two or three companies were working at once, each with a little orchestra to play music for them while they emote. An orchestra usually consists of a dog house—one of those big fiddles—a little fiddle and a groan box or organ. They play all day long and keep the actors' minds off their work be-

cause if they had to think all day about the silly things they do they'd go nuts.

Over on my lot, the Colossal outfit, they have two big new sound stages where they shoot all the talkie stuff. Nobody can get near the place when they're working. They even have watchmen out with lanterns and red flags to stop trucks from going by. Sometimes funny things happen. The other day Eric Von Stroheim was working on one of the sound stages making one of the dialogue sequences with Gloria Swanson for her new picture, *Queen Kelly*. The scene was in a jungle hut away off in Africa and Kelly's aunt was dying. Between gasps and coughs she was calling out for the priest. Gloria Swanson, who plays the part of Queen Kelly, was crying and explaining the nearest civilized post was a hundred miles away. They rehearsed the scene very carefully with dialogue a number of times and then began to shoot. Just as they got going good an airplane came over the lot and a tremendously amplified voice from the clouds began to advertise Old Gold cigarettes. Of course the microphones on the set picked it all up and the playback sounded something like this:

Darling, it's terrible to die . . . away out  
here in the jungle . . .

HELLO EVERYBODY

Get me the priest . . . quick . . .

THIS IS OLD GOLD SPEAKING



Auntie, dear, there isn't a soul within a hundred miles.

NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD.

I have to be all made up and on the set by nine o'clock tomorrow morning. I'm getting a test for the part of Tessie who runs away from a reform school and winds up as hostess in a hook shop but she has a heart of gold. It's practically the second lead part. Chiquita Tortilla, Buelow's Mex weakness, is going to play the lead for her next picture after she gets finished with *Sinning Lovers*. Gee, I hope I smack 'em. Mickey says I've got a great chance if Chiquita doesn't have me knifed in the cutting room. He says if you're too good you stand a fair chance of finding all your best footage on the cutting room floor. This is a familiar beau geste in Hollywood. I haven't been here very long but I've learned a few things. One is there isn't any more professional jealousy here than there is in the Lambs' Club in New York and if you come out here from the East and put your toe in the door the chances are you'll have to have your foot amputated.

When do you finish your buying spree over there for Waffleheimers? I wish you were here. Have no one to tell my troubles to. Well, maybe better luck tomorrow. Kiss kiss

DIXIE.

P.S. One of the gags out here "a producer is a guy who was born with a silver snipe in his mouth."

NEW YORK N. Y.

July 21st

MR. KIRK KING,  
SCENARIO DEPARTMENT,  
COLOSSAL FILM CORPORATION  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA.  
DEAR KIRK:

I finally got to your Buelow by the simple process of reversing the field and running the other way. As long as I tried to get to him I couldn't see him for yes men so then I dug in and became exclusive. Wrote a signed story for one of the local papers saying the talkies were a menace and a bore, that none of the directors up till now knew what they were doing and there was only one hope left and that was Fritz Buelow. If he couldn't put competent talking sequences in his new film *Sinning Lovers* they would have to go back to making their pictures beautiful and dumb. And a lot more out of the same bottle. Well, it worked. Buelow's manager got in touch with me, Buelow took me to dinner and bared his artistic soul. When I told him I had never written for the movies and never would, he was interested. When I told him I had a number of offers from other companies he was aroused. When I told him he was the only director I would ever consider allowing to touch my stuff, he was astounded at my intelligence. But when I sat for two hours entranced while he told me how tired he was of making commercial pictures and wanted to do

something big and inspiring—yessing him at discreet intervals—he admitted I was the most interesting writer he had ever met. The rest of it was easy. I answered no letters, was out when he telephoned, had small items planted in the various gossip columns stating I was considering this offer and rejecting that. Finally, of course, I allowed him to talk me into signing a Colossal contract.

So now, Kirk, I'm coming into your brothel. At that it is better than being on the street in this town. The Broadway racket is all shot and I will be glad to leave the gyps fighting over the corpse. Here's a clip from *Variety* which will give you an idea:

#### HEAT WAVE CURLS LONG RUN PIPS

Heat and Humidity, the old summer run team, is in and pretty along the Rialto these days. A lot of palookas curled up quick with the first hot blast and now the tried and true ones are turning their faces to the wall and picking feverishly at the coverlets. The North Atlantic is congested with Tyson's best customers, doing a Lindy

to Ciro's and even the Legion of the Condemned who storm Leblang's bargain basement at certain time to pick cut rates off the quivering carcasses of old hits and new flops have fled to the Far Rockaways or the Kosher heights of Sullivan County, leaving Broadway—it's toasted—to the refrigerated mercies of Roxy and Nedlick's.

I don't know just when I start West but will let you know. I am banking on you to give me the real low-down when I get out there. I wonder if you would do something for me. Remember Dixie Dugan I used to write to you about—the girl I was all het up over and who starred in my show? Well, she's out there in Hollywood with a contract from

your outfit and though we had a battle before she left I'm still That Way. I wish you could kinda keep an eye on her for me until I get out there and can take the job over myself.

And remembah! You can look but you mustn't touch.

JIMMY.

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(From The Los Angeles Examiner—July 27th)

SNAPSHOTS OF HOLLYWOOD, COLLECTED AT RANDOM

Mary Pickford, her most entertaining self, writing fake headlines for this columnist . . . Renée Adorée in a blue ensemble and hat to match walking across the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot . . . Carl Laemmle Sr. giving a few valuable hints on the philosophy of living . . . Carl Laemmle Jr. listening to his dad . . . Dixie Dugan, new Colossal acquisition and Kirk King, producer on the Colossal lot, having lunch at the Montmartre.

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DEAR DIXIE:

I called the Ambassador today and they said you had moved so I'm hoping they will forward this. I can never find you on the lot and they don't seem to know where you live. I suppose you forgot you had a luncheon engagement with me yesterday? I was terribly disappointed. When can I see you again? I am working hard on the songs for *Put and Take*. I was thinking about you last night and I did a peach of a lyric. The idea of the chorus is: Put me in your heart, take me in your arms—not bad, what? I'll sing the whole thing for you when I see you.

MICKEY.

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(From The Los Angeles Examiner—July 28th)

. . . Lupe Velez turning handsprings on Hollywood Boulevard . . . Lila Lee practicing vowel sounds for the talkies . . . Dixie Dugan and Kirk King coming out of the Carthay Circle Theatre together . . .

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(From The Los Angeles Examiner—July 29th)

. . . Dixie Dugan and Kirk King sharing a Hamburger de Luxe at the Brown Derby . . .

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DEAR DIXIE:

I don't want you to think I'm a knocker but it's only because I'm crazy about you I want to warn you not to believe everything this Kirk King tells you. He's been out here a long time and he's a smooth article, as a lot of girls out here who believed his promises could tell you, but of course you'll think I'm just jealous and won't listen to me. You stood me up again last night. Is that fair? You treat me like I was a rag doll. I'll make a song out of that some day. It's a good title—*Rag Doll*. Please have dinner with me tomorrow night, I want to talk to you. I'll call you at five—the studio finally gave me your telephone number. Why didn't you tell me you had taken an apartment on La Brea?

MICKEY.

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(From The Los Angeles Examiner—July 31st)

. . . Dixie Dugan and Kirk King eating bacon and eggs at Henry's at three o'clock in the morning . . .

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**(From Variety, Week of August 1st)**

**FROM N. Y. to L. A.**

**Fritz Buelow**

**Chiquita Tortilla**

**Jacques Goldfarb**

**James Doyle**

## V

(From the Hollywood Daily Screen World)

### JAMES DOYLE, BROADWAY PLAYWRIGHT, HERE TO WRITE ORIGINALS

James Doyle, famous Broadway playwright who wrote "Girls Gone Crazy," is here to write dialogue and original screen plays for the The Colossal Film Corporation. It is with pleasure we welcome to the local ranks this famous young Eastern author who, nevertheless, will find he has a great deal to learn in this newest but greatest of all the arts, the talking screen. Good luck, Jimmy—an' take keer of yourself.

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(Lola Krunch, a Hollywood moving picture critic and editor, decides to call on Mr. Doyle, the newest addition to the Broadway colony in Hollywood. Object: interview.)

Q. What do you think of Hollywood, Mr. Doyle?

A. I haven't had time to think about it much. Offhand, it looks a little bit like Keokuk on a Sunday afternoon, except that the houses and vegetation seem to have been retouched by one of those disappointed virgins who go in for painting china. The buildings have an air of impermanence and the streets with their little yellow, green and blue bungalows look for all the world as though any moment

a voice would yell "Strike it" and a flock of scene shifters would tear it all down and put up a New England village or an Italian hill town. As a matter of fact, the only buildings I have seen in Hollywood that look as though they were put up to stay are sets on the movie lots.

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The newest convert to Hollywood is James Doyle, the famous Broadway playwright lately arrived in our midst. "The little yellow, blue and green bungalows look for all the world like an Italian hill town," mused Mr. Doyle yesterday.

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Q. What do you think of motion pictures?

A. I think they have too much and at the same time too little. There are too many theatres demanding too many pictures from too many producers who have too many players under contract to appear in too many features by too many writers who can't write for too many players who can't act, for too many producers who can't produce. In other words, there aren't enough real producers, real actors or real writers to supply the pictures necessary to keep up with all the real estate operators who continue building chains of motion picture theatres on all the available empty corner lots in the country. The only thing I've seen enough of out here to supply the demand is film. They have lots of it. It comes in by the carload but where are the writers to supply seventy-five feature dramas and comedies for one year for just one company, and



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that but one of a dozen producing organizations as large or larger?

Q. What is your solution, Mr. Doyle?

A. A pogrom.

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"The thing that impressed me most about the motion picture industry," said Mr. Doyle, "is its tremendous size. Think of the hundreds of stories which must be supplied every year to keep thousands of artists working so as to supply the millions of drama-lovers throughout the world who look to Hollywood for their inspiration and relaxation. I am amazed with the immensity of it all," said Mr. Doyle, "and thrilled too." When asked to sum it up in one word, Mr. Doyle said, "It is a great program."

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*Office of Sol Nebbick, the producing genius of the Colossal outfit, a young glacier with a dead face, the long slim fingers of a violinist, the narrow natty shoulders of a gigolo, the frame of a bantam and the guile of a Machiavelli. After cooling his heels for an hour in the outer office, Jimmy Doyle, the eager young apostle of better movies, is allowed to enter the sanctum. While waiting, he has been privileged to see famous directors and stars storm into Nebbick's office and after a few muted moments slink out. Properly impressed, he takes a chair and peers across the vast expanse of desk. The wide forehead and narrow chin of Mr. Nebbick are barely visible over the sea of mahogany.*

NEBBICK (after a few moments of chilling silence): Who are you?

JIMMY (*nettled*): I'm James Doyle; you sent for me.

NEBBICK (*apparently groping*): Doyle? What do you do?

JIMMY (*indignant*): I'm a writer; I'm a playwright. I just arrived here from New York under contract to write originals and dialogue.

NEBBICK: I see. (*Presses invisible button. Beautiful Young Thing appears magically with notebook.*) How many of that last batch of writers from the East have we got left?

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG THING: Let me see, the last shipment was two dozen assorted, novelists, playwrights and newspaper men. There's only three newspaper men left.

NEBBICK: See that they are put on the Chief tonight and sent home. We need those offices for that new bunch of sound technicians coming in from Schenectady.

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG THING: But we took them all out of those offices a week ago and put them down in the basement of the old stables.

NEBBICK (*yawning*): I see. What are they doing down there?

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG THING: I don't know. You know you gave strict orders for nobody to go near them.

NEBBICK: That's right. I forgot. (*To Doyle by way of explanation.*) One of those Eastern novelists we had out here went hay wire a couple of weeks

ago and bit a supervisor who was making a picture from his novel. Gangrene set in. Almost lost him. The novelist is back East now writing lies about the movies. Dreiser, I think the name was, or Milt Gross, I get them confused. (*To Beautiful Young Thing.*) I'll call you later. If Tierney is outside tell him he's off that picture. We're going to take Garbo out of it and make a Clara Bow special. (*To Jimmy.*) That's the new sound epic: *My Life And Work by Henry Ford*. The real hero is the Ford factory. All those machines thundering. Colossal.

JIMMY: That ought to be swell.

NEBBICK: That was the original idea. We found it made too much noise—blasted the mike—so we changed the locale to Nürnberg and it's a doll factory. Clara Bow is on one of those 'round the world university tours—collegiate angle, see?; drops into Nürnberg and falls in love with Heindrik Fjord who has the biggest doll factory in Prussia.

JIMMY: But Nürnberg is in Bavaria.

NEBBICK: Same thing. Our technical director will fix that up. (*Suddenly to Jimmy.*) Have you any ideas for motion pictures?

JIMMY (*eagerly*): I've got a swell idea—something I've been thinking about for a long time.

NEBBICK: Would it fit Rin-tin-tin? He's preparing now. We want to start shooting Monday. It ought to be laid in the North. There's a trapper, see. Foxes—no, that's been used. Seals, huh? He

traps seals? Rinty is a wolf but they raised him from a pup so he doesn't know it. Comes the day of the big seal drive. Rinty's master surrounded by wolf pack, Rinty goes native with the wolves, turns on his master, suddenly he sees the girl. There's a girl, you see. That's the love interest, and there's the rival trapper, that's the menace. The rival seal trapper has chopped a hole in the ice and is pushing the girl into it—down, down. (*Eyes alight with creative fire.*) There's a new murder; better than the one in Kismet, d'you remember? Go ahead and write it up. The murder is a good place for the dialogue sequence. Will you, I won't, you will, I won't. See, it's all written. And the sound! Can't you hear the wolves howling? And the seals shuffling on the ice floes and the native songs and dances of the Eskimos?

JIMMY (*bewildered*): I don't know anything about the native songs and dances of the Eskimos.

NEBBICK: Our technical director will fix that up. All you've got to do is to put it in story shape and throw in a little dialogue. I'd do it myself if I wasn't so busy.

JIMMY: But that isn't the kind of story I had in mind at all. I can't do stories for dogs.

NEBBICK (*apparently uninterested*): What kind of a story was it?

JIMMY: It's a psychological story. It starts in the slums. Teeming with people, dripping out of the windows, overflowing the fire escapes, like a torrent

in the streets. A truck thunders into view, ploughing through the crowd. People flee to the sidewalks. The little girl is left in the centre of the street bewildered, the truck doesn't hesitate—the driver is drunk, comes into the camera and over. A little boy dashes out, grabs the girl, flings her out of the way and barely escapes himself as the truck crashes on. That's the beginning. As a child, the girl is stifled by the mob. I'll take you through her whole life story and show her still overwhelmed by the mob; at work, at play. She becomes rich, famous. At last she thinks she has escaped the mob. She comes back to the city to find it plastered with pictures of her, her name in a thousand lights. A mob at the train, a mob around her house, a mob in front of the theatre. She jumps out the window to escape; a mob gathers around her, follows her to the graveyard, swarms over her grave, tramples the flowers—and disperses aimlessly. At the gate the camera catches two of them talking to each other. One of them says, who was it? The other says, damned if I know. What d'you think of it?

NEBBICK (*making mental note of essentials for future reference*): Lousy.

JIMMY (*boiling*): What d'you mean lousy. What's the matter with it?

NEBBICK (*fluently*): There's no narration, no suspense, no motivation, no character analysis, it doesn't flow, d'you understand? Now I could take that story, spend a little time on it and make some-

thing out of it, but why should I? That's what you're here for. But I can't waste the company's money on stuff like that. (*Looking over a paper on desk.*) Here's something you can start on right away. We're going to re-issue *Ladies' Night In A Turkish Bath* with sound and effects. Here's the script. Take it and write the dialogue for the talking sequences. (*Beautiful Young Thing reappears magically.*) Have Mr. Doyle taken over to Rintin-tin's bungalow. (*To Doyle.*) His secretary will give you a desk there for the short time you'll be out here. (*Beautiful Young Thing disappears with Doyle but reappears in Nebbick's office almost immediately in answer to buzzer.*)

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG THING: Yes, Mr. Nebbick.

NEBBICK: Sit down. A few good ideas came to me while I was talking to that fellow. I want you to make a note of them. Let's see, er, I'll call it *The Mob*. A girl or boy is born in the slums—make it a girl, something for Janet Gaynor—stifled with people overhead and under foot and all around. She is introduced by a narrow escape from death as truck dashes down crowded street. A little boy saves her who later becomes her lover—Charles Farrel, we can borrow him—She grows up in the mob, tries to escape it, later becomes famous, returns to the city to find her name in all the lights—glass shot—a mob at the station, mobs on the street, mobs around her house,—news reel shots, we'll fake the sound—more mobs at the theatre, leaps out the win-

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dow to escape, mob surrounds spot, follows her to grave, swarms over grave, tramples flowers and disperses. Pan shot of faces of crowd. Closeup of two speaking. Dialogue sequence! First speaker: Who was it? Second speaker: Who can tell? Life is like that, and fame is only a bubble on the sea of life. Fade out. The end. A Colossal epic.

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG THING: That's wonderful, Mr. Nebbick.

NEBBICK (*modestly*): All in the day's work. Take a day letter to the Eastern Office, and get London on the wire. . . .

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1842 NO. LA BREA AVENUE,  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA.

August 8th.

DEAR SIS:

This is the land of tomorrow. See you tomorrow, come around tomorrow, nothing doing today but drop in tomorrow. Manana. I've been here weeks now and they all give me the old run-around, camera men, assistant directors, supervisors, technicians, gate men—tomorrow, little one, but how about tonight? They'll take you out or take you in but they won't take you up. Have been going out with one of the producers, Kirk King. I just learned the other day he used to know Jimmy back East. He's really nice, been trotting me around a lot and has taken a real interest in me. He let me do one little bit in a picture he had in production and promised me some-

thing else as soon as he had a chance. Of course, I have a contract but that's a lot of bologny. I might just as well have a waffle, or better yet, a matzos. I've met a lot of kids out here with contracts and three month options. You get stalled for three months and then out you go on your sitzplatz. I thought all I had to do was walk right in and yell, Lafayette I am here. Fui.

I have a little apartment on La Brea Avenue. I was at the Ambassador until I got my bill for the first week. When I came to I was house-hunting. I had to buy a lot of new clothes and I'm still in debt. If they don't give me a break pretty soon what chance have I got to have my option taken up? I'm getting worried, Sis, honest!

I met Buelow at a party the other night. He asked me how I was coming along and I told him King had given me a small part—a couple of days' work—but that's all I had done. I can do better by you, says he, and I says why don't you? And he says, why should I? I did enough for you when I got you a contract and got you out here. Now you've got to do something. And I says how did you get me a contract. You said my test was rotten. Evidently they didn't think so. And then imagine the nerve of him. It was rotten, says he, but I told them you had possibilities and I'd take the responsibility if they'd send you out here. And I says I don't believe it. He says I knew you wouldn't that's why I didn't



tell you back in New York. Besides, I wanted you to come out here and see for yourself just how far you could get without help. So I says all right I've got the idea. Now what do I do? And he says, think about it little one and call me up sometime. There's a mighty good part in *Sinning Lovers* for you. You could start work Monday.

I had a long talk with Kirk King about it later and I told him exactly what Buelow said to me. All he said was yes, I know the part Buelow means. It would be swell for you. But I can get it for you just as well as Buelow can. After all, I'm supervising the picture. But I've practically promised it to another girl. However, I suppose I could switch it. Do you want it very badly? I didn't answer right away, so he changed the subject. I guess that finishes that. God what a place. I'd hate to be broke here.

DIXIE.

P.S. Guess who just got out here? JIMMY! I saw an interview with him in one of the morning papers. He was brought out here and given a big contract by the Colossal people, the same outfit I am with. Wouldn't that be my luck—begging on my knees for a tiny little bit and he a big shot on the same lot with interviews and pictures of him in all the papers. I expect one of these days I'll be run over by his Rolls Royce. Headline: Famous Writer Runs Down Beautiful Extra. Paste a num-

ber on her back and ship her East, wisecracks noted playwright and Broadway idol.

P.S.S. Ooh, maybe I'll see him tomorrow.

P.S.S.S. The big stiff.

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August 12.

Saw Jimmy today. Was having lunch at the Montmartre with Mickey. Jimmy came in with a bunch of writers and directors from Colossal, looked right at me, said oh, hello, and walked right on. Kirk was with him, stopped and shook hands with me, but Jimmy acted as though I were a wet dog trying to crawl into his lap. Tahell with him. Mickey didn't know I knew him, told me he was a new writer from the East and had a swell big contract, and was the latest big noise at the studio.

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## COLOSSAL FILM CORPORATION INTER-OFFICE COMMUNICATION

*Date* August 15th

*To* James Doyle

*From* Efficiency Manager's Office

You are exceeding your daily quota of typewriting paper. The maximum for Writers (Classification A to F, zone 3) is 22 sheets white and 25 sheets yellow, or second sheets. Countersign duplicate copy of this for your file and return.

C. F.

August 18.

Was told today at the studio that I was not going to get the part I took a test for in Chiquita's next picture. Mickey said test turned out swell but that Chiquita knifed me. Asked Buelow to give me part and he countered with invitation to week-end party at Agua Caliente. I told him I couldn't spell it. He told me I'd have to learn a lot of things out here.

Hello, is Mr. Doyle there?

This is Mr. Doyle speaking.

Hold the wire please, this is Mr. Nebbick's office. (*A long wait.*)

Hello, who's this?

This is Mr. Doyle.

This is Mr. Nebbick's secretary; hold the wire please. (*A longer wait.*)

Hello, hello, who's this?

This is Mr. Doyle speaking.

This is Mr. Nebbick's assistant speaking. Put Mr. Doyle on.

Mr. Doyle is on and has been on for an hour.

Well, don't get off. Mr. Nebbick wants to talk to you. (*A long, long wait.*)

Hello, Doyle? This is Mr. Nebbick's office. Mr. Nebbick wishes me to inform you that there have been complaints about your typewriter. Are you using a typewriter?

Certainly.

Well, stop it at once.

Why—why should I stop it?

Mr. Nebbick has been informed by Mr. Gootch, producer of the Rin-tin-tin epics, that ever since you have been quartered in the Rin-tin-tin bungalow the noise of your typewriter has disturbed Rin-tin-tin while he is resting there between scenes. Mr. Nebbick wishes me to inform you this cannot be tolerated. (*Click.*)

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## VI

If only I had some one to talk to if I could just talk to somebody just tell them the truth you can't you can't tell the truth to anybody out here everybody lying to everybody else telling each other how important they are how everything is breaking for them sure I'm good you oughta see my test the director said to me just the other day listen he said you're a knockout this picture is going to make you he wanted me to sign up a new contract right away but I said no the hell she did she never said no to anybody out here that's how you get along say yes talk about yes-men you never hear of the yes-girls but they're the ones with the Minerva cars and three kinds of fur coats I guess I could get there too if I said yes why don't I I don't know I could yes Buelow and I wouldn't be walking up and down here now worrying about my contract if they don't let me know today it means they're not going to take up my option I'd like to be good to you says he well why don't you why don't he that's easy they'd be all talking about me she's Buelow's new girl he must have given Chiquita the air well they talk about you anyway if you're on the level they don't believe it or else they think you're a sap well maybe

I am a sap I'm certainly a sap about Jimmy calling him up writing to him why I don't know why doesn't he see me if I could only talk to him if I could only talk to somebody that I didn't have to lie to he used to be so sweet I could tell him anything and he'd say don't worry Dixie all the world is cockeyed except you and me and you ain't so bright and he'd kiss me and the hair would stand up on the back of my neck I'm going to call him no I won't either why should I he's never in he never wants to talk to me I hope he'll know some day how it feels to telephone somebody and have it ring and ring and no answer out with somebody else holding somebody else and kissing her he said he'd never love anybody else aren't men the damned liars dirty damned liars well Jimmy isn't dirty but he's a liar but the other men out here cold God they're cold sure I can do something for you but what are you going to do for me there it is take it or leave it give in baby well maybe they're right girls try to use them why shouldn't they try to get something out of it they all want just one thing and if you don't like it you don't have to come out here of course you don't and you don't have to stay either there's too many of you out here now we've got to have some way to sort you out I thought Kirk was different oh you did did you yes I did more fool you now about your contract yes Kirk well it's like this the option expires tomorrow don't I know it you know I think you've got great possibilities but what you

need is the right man behind you to help you along somebody who'd watch out for you and slip you into the right opportunities and build you up and battle for you on the lot and in the cutting rooms I know it Kirk of course you know I like you Dixie I think you're awfully cute and sweet I could like you a lot I could do a lot for you you know that don't you sure Kirk I know you could now he's going to put his arms around me and ask me if I could like him a lot too come over closer join the party it's coming now couldn't you like me a lot too Dixie of course I could I'll yes him a while but I can see it coming and you thought he was different oh you did they're all alike now you play ball with me baby and I'll play ball with you I take real interest in you Dixie yes you do I thought you did I thought you were sweet to me because you were Jimmy's friend I thought you were going around with me because you really liked me I like you too but my God do I have to be mauled and muzzled over by every man I go out with I'll go for a little of that all in fun but give in baby why should I just to have an option renewed you can go to hell Mr. Kirk King how do you like that be good to you huh I'll put more coal on at least you're not as cold blooded as Buelow Mr. King I'll say that for you for all your lunches dinners and talks about my future but you'd think Buelow was running a butcher's shop how much for so much no checks cashed well why not I guess my contract is cooked and yet Mickey said they liked

that bit I did maybe they'll renew it how do they take up options do they wire you or telephone you do they write you letters if I could only go out and find out but that's out stay home till we call you we'll let you know don't be coming out here every day stop calling us up a hundred dollars a week just one more check and I owe my rent they charge enough if I was living at home I wouldn't have to pay any rent I can remember when you could buy eggs for twelve cents a dozen all right maw all right but I could and calico was six cents a yard well you can have it you may be glad to get calico some day young lady all right maw all right quit your nagging there goes a swell car is that a Lincoln it's a Lincoln that's what I'd like I'd sit away back in one of those seats that's hard to get up out of to the studio Simpkins I'd go right through the gate you can't park in here oh Miss Dugan I beg your pardon I didn't recognize you you have a different car today oh that's all right Joe where are they shooting over on the back lot Miss Dugan they've been waiting for you let 'em wait it's good for 'em Joe that's right Miss Dugan you'll have to go round and come through the front office Miss Swanson Miss Dugan is the only one who's allowed to drive into this lot who is that Joe That was Gloria Swanson Miss Dugan you don't tell me Joe dear dear well so long Joe good luck Miss Dugan a nice fellow but I can remember when he wasn't so nice they're nice to you when you're on top on top there's



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plenty of room at the top yeah there's lots at the bottom too how do you get to the top oh a little room at the top with you that would be a cute song a room with a view I'll bet there's a good view from the top a little room with you Jimmy just a little room and I'd get up in the morning and make toast on the grill still sleeping you lazy lummox I didn't sleep much last night sweet thing now is that pretty get up and eat your toast and stop talking like that you embarrass me that's swell coffee darling put your finger in it and sweeten it will you stop dunking I love to dunk with you that would be a good song too I love to dunk with you in a little room for two a little room with a view I wish you'd wear collar buttons that wouldn't make your neck green that's jealousy honey you better hurry to the office I'm gonna stay right here and watch you all day oh you are yes and I have dictaphones all over this town all along the street I'll hear everything you say why should you I don't want to miss a word don't hold me so tight God I love you crying again you damned fool that'll get you somewhere well he isn't going to see you cry your head off it might do you good there's a damn fool for you walking up and down in a lousy little apartment crying your head off over somebody who won't even talk to you when you might be driving down Hollywood Boulevard in a Rolls Royce with one of the biggest directors in the business business it's a lousy business well life is a lousy business just like the movies it's just a long

talking movie that's all with a lot of sound and effects and love is just a big gag socko she's in love hit her in the heart with a custard pie klunk that's a laugh isn't that a wow now we cut to the chase she's after him he's after her he hides behind a tree she runs into it socko now we Pan through the woods it's full of couples lying under trees climbing trees falling out of trees wham socko blooey plunk kiss kiss rockabye baby in the tree top bugles over the top bang bang kiss me I must go my country calls bang bang socko what the hell am I talking about I ought to be writing movies they're a lot of hooley most of them are Dixie but wait'll I get out to Hollywood darling I'll write some movies and I'll have you acting in them Dixie will you Jimmy honest sure I will I put you on Broadway didn't I I'll say you did I'll put you in the movies too I'll go out there and open Hollywood up like an oyster I'll take mine with a little lemon Jimmy lemon is good I got the lemon all right well it's good for your hands makes 'em white you'll be whiter than that baby if you don't get a job God are they going to take up my option do I have to go round these studios and talk to a lot of fish-eyed gatemens and casting directors nothing doing kiddo better go over and see the Central Casting why should I go over and see the Central Casting I was on the Colossal lot well why didn't you stay I thought I could do better over here oh you did I did oh did you sure I did you did did you well it's kind of quiet here

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now we're changing over to sound you might try the Fox lot I'm not shopping around well you might try shopping baby what do you do evenings to amuse yourself my God are they all on the make sure they are well how did these other girls get there well they had a lot of pull or they had a lot of money or they had a lot you can beat this racket if you have enough money to hang on oh can you sure you can look at Sue Carol she had a lot of money back of her well how about Lillian Gish well she started away back when they were doing Civil War pictures with the original cast and there were only two girls on the lot and both of them were Gishes I should of started then you sure shoulda kid wonder how old she is she sure doesn't look it saw her coming out of Chryson's just the other day and she walked along Hollywood clear up to Western and had the car tag along behind her just a little old last year's Mercedes I'd like to have one tag around after me here Mercy Mercy Mercy now get off the sidewalk is that nice there wasn't a line in her face I looked at the corners of her eyes especially and under the chin is where they start going too it begins to sag I can see myself sagging if I don't get some work right in the middle like an old grave I've got a nice thin flat stomach now just a little bit round that's fat I have just enough there to live on for two days they say that's why women are fatter than men in the old days they were left in the cave and they had to live on their fat until the old man

came home with the bear if the bear got him first they just lived on their fat until another man came along with a bear sometimes it was just a bear came along and that came under the general heading of just too bad now a girl stays in one of these little furnished apartments with a bed that goes up in the wall and the bear comes along and says hello baby how would you like to go into the movies oh I'd just love it wouldn't you just love it I sure would love it wouldn't you just I sure would what big teeth you have the better to bite you my dear wouldn't you just love to be a star oh I'd love to be a star and ride in a big car sure a big big car that's right children ist das nicht ein great big car yah das ist ein great big car what big paws you've got the better to paw you my dear wouldn't you love to have a great big house with a big garden and swimming pool ist das nicht ein gartenhaus swimming pool gartenhaus great big car great big star oh du schoenes that means beautiful oh you beautiful doll beauty is as beauty does beauty is only skin deep that's deep enough for me the skin you love to touch don't they though I love the feel of your skin darling what is this field day that sneaky feeling that people call love that's what a lot of them call love so that's love I don't believe it oh you don't no I don't you're just a sentimental fool yes and I love it you're a damn fool I guess that's right too you came out here from New York thinking you were going to knock 'em dead in the movies and where

are you the lights are coming out along the street  
my God five thirty they're closing out there they  
haven't called me they're not going to call me  
they're not going to take up my option oh my God  
what am I going to do I'll call em up no that won't  
get me anywhere I'll just call up and say I was out  
most of the day and thought maybe you might have  
called while I was out they won't believe it of course  
they won't believe it maybe a letter's coming to me  
they wrote to me that's what they did they're send-  
ing me a special delivery please God make it a  
special delivery dear Miss Dugan we have decided  
to take up our option under the terms of our con-  
tract as per paragraph umpty umpty umpt please  
God special delivery or maybe a messenger he'll  
ring the bell and I'll go to the door and say yes who  
is it please a letter for Miss Dugan for Miss Dugan  
eh fancy that who is it from it's from the Colossal  
studios I'm Miss Dugan I'll sign for it just a minute  
here you are go buy yourself a new Ford dear Miss  
Dugan after looking again at your tests we have  
decided to take up our option and we are notifying  
you here as per umpty umpty umpt contract depart-  
ment there goes that spotlight Carthay Circle  
Theatre the Barker our screen talks sings howls  
hisses you saw them now hear them there goes that  
spot on the clouds isn't it funny THE TELE-  
PHONE oh my God it's them please God it's them  
they're going to take me they're going to take me oh  
please God dear

Hello (please God)  
Ish dish you Oscar dish ish Hulda Hullo Oscar  
Who do you want?  
Dish Ish Hulda  
What?  
Hullo Hullo Get off de vire  
Get off yourself  
Who? Hullo Hullo I vant Oscar  
Well take him (BANG)

Damn the telephone damn everything damn damn  
double damn what a name Oscar imagine having a  
baby named Oscar little Oscar here Oskie Oskie  
sounds like a yell Oskie wow wow skinny wow wow  
Hulda Hulda rah rah rah God almighty I'm going  
nuts here I'm going to call Jimmy up Jimmy darling  
come over here talk to me oh you won't then to hell  
with you no I didn't mean that Jimmy I was just  
fooling ha ha ha see I'm laughing ha ha ha ha ha  
ha ha ha ha ha stop that laughing you damn fool  
you sound like a maniac God I wish I was I wish  
I had a drink what time is it six o'clock six o'clock  
oh it's six o'clock in the morning that's wrong let  
me see three o'clock in the morning I used to sing  
that with Jimmy he used to sing when he danced  
what a voice like a crow hoarse and he'd sing down  
my neck that's a funny feeling three o'clock in the  
morning cheek to cheek singing into my ear it's a  
wonder you wouldn't shave your face it's like a file  
well I did shave this morning you mean yesterday  
morning that's right it was yesterday morning this

is tomorrow isn't it I don't mind your face when it's rough Jimmy I get a kick out of it yes you do I'll say I do it must be wrong to feel like this I feel so good is everything you like wrong everything you like to eat makes you fat well I've got nice slim hips you may go but this will bring you back Fuzzy Wuzzy that's a mad place and I thought when I was sitting there talking to Buelow feeling so cocky I'd come right out here and knock 'em for a loop in the bag in your eye in your hat well that's a break there's still some left I'll take it straight it jolts you quicker I need a good sock I wanta be socked by you just you and nobody else but you boopity boop boop I wanta be socked by you alo-o-o-one ska ska boopity boop boop some girls like to be socked I wonder what kick they get out it how did you get the black eye I ran into something now don't tell me it was a door no he treats me pretty rough but it feels good afterward well maybe it does if any man ever hit me I'd cut his throat ah you wouldn't I guess I wouldn't at that but I'd certainly bend a chair over him I betcha you'd let Jimmy sock you who that big stiff I wonder how it would feel at that he's got strong hands with little black hairs on the backs of them do you like hairy men honey I don't know maybe it's a kick I don't know have another oh I really couldn't oh but you must Dixie just a little one what do you mean a little one I wanta big one whoof whoopee socko that's all right stomach I'm not mad at you look at the cars don't look out the

window you might fall that wouldn't be so bad right on that banana tree what a lousy looking tree you are do you ever have any bananas how do you get bananas palm trees you're kinda silly too you're so damn dirty don't they ever dust you off everything is dusty out here and dry your skin cracks well who gives a damn about your skin look at all those cars and all the people here's the church and here's the steeple open the doors and there's the people but not in church they go to movies that's because they put pipe organs in 'em now the congregation will rise and sing hymn Number twenty four that lovely old Christmas carol *Yes sir That's My Baby* that's sacrilegious I shouldn't have said that I oughta go to church more maybe I'd have better luck I'd love to have a baby I'd dress it like a little doll a little boy doll with a little knitted sweater and a polo shirt and we'd go out walking what a cute baby I didn't know you had a baby oh yes isn't he a honey he sure is does he look like his daddy sure he does but he hasn't any hair on the back of his hands oh he will have well he'd better have what's he going to be when he grows up oh I'm not going to let him grow up I'm going to keep him just like this well so long drop in and have tea with me some day I just got some swell Bacardi oh I never drink any more it's a bad example for junior well so long so long see you in church did you see that woman junior she's jealous of your mother I had to watch you all the time or she would have stolen you never



take candy from a stranger and always look both ways before you cross the street and don't talk with your mouth full now for God's sake what did you do with those shoes you got the toes all scuffed and I put them on brand new yesterday I'll make you walk on your hands baby movie star walks on his hands down Sunset Boulevard famous son of Dixie Dugan celebrated screen artiste and James Doyle world renowned dramatic novelist and playwright world renowned that's good I wonder if he ever will be I wouldn't care if he only wrote tomato can labels just so I could sit there and watch him maybe I could get a job posing Miss Ketchup the sweetheart of the tomato hello bottle come on I'll finish you up you go here's looking at you here's to the queen of the movies and the sweetheart of the tomato skoal who do you think you are Greta Garbo down you go brrrrr gee I'm tired gee whatta lot of lights twinkle twinkle twinkle little light twinkle twinkle little star so you want to be a star oh you're a star you're a hot star dear Miss Dugan address unknown the option on your contract has expired kicked the bucket died di-dee i-die list to me while I tell you of the Spaniard who blighted my life diddy eye die secretary take a letter Colossal Film Corporation attention Kirk King Fritz Buelow James Doyle et al and to whom it may concern go to hell very truly yours no change that to sincerely no put it this way pursuant to the terms of our understanding which is as was and will be as follows

to wit go to hell kindly acknowledge receipt and I remain with renewed assurances of my greatest esteem Dixie Dugan no sign that Feoretta Flamboodle third assistant secretary to Miss Dugan put down at the bottom dictated but not read now read that back to me that's good yes that's very good that's right all right sign it and send it by airplane carrier pigeon how about a bicycle a bicycle built for two wouldn't they be funny the Colossal Film Corporation on a bicycle built for two take another letter James Doyle Colossal Film Corporation who do you think you are I was thinking about you this eve in passing no I'll tell you what you do get him on the wire and then when he answers tell him I'm in conference no when you get him on the wire I'll talk to him oh Jimmy honey it's so good to hear your voice oh Jimmy darling can't I see you tonight just for a few minutes I'm so blue I've got the yips Jimmy I gotta talk to you I gotta don't hang up on me listen Jimmy darling sweetheart listen can you hear me talk to me tell me something I'm so blue I've nobody to talk to but you I know I went out with Kirk King but I didn't care about him Mickey who why he's just a song writer I'm all alone out here Jimmy and nobody but you God it's terrible Jimmy to walk up and down in a little room and look out the window and see so many people and so many cars and so many lights and not know anybody and know that somewhere out there in all those lights is your light and you're sitting there

and you won't even go to the phone and call me  
oh darling darling wait a minute what's that there's  
the bell which bell where is it it's the door bell get  
out of my way chair wait a minute I'm opening the  
door wait a minute oh for me Miss Dixie Dugan  
yes that's me when did it come just a minute I'll  
give you something here wait a minute come here  
come in here there you are go buy yourself a suit of  
clothes and have your hair cut that's a good boy  
shut the door after you oh I'm afraid to open it oh  
what'll I do I'll look quick at the bottom and see  
who it's from

WE ARE NOTIFYING YOU HERE-  
WITH UNDER THE TERMS OF  
OUR AGREEMENT WE HAVE DE-  
CIDED NOT TO EXERCISE OUR  
OPTION ON YOUR SERVICES  
YOUR FINAL CHECK IS BEING  
SENT TO YOU SPECIAL DELIV-  
ERY TONIGHT  
COLOSSAL FILM CORPORATION

We are notifying you decided not exercise our op-  
tion final check special delivery tonight damn you  
dirty dogs I hope you fry in hell sizzle and fry  
damn you oh yes we are very interested in you  
Miss Dugan great opportunity give you a five year  
contract you have great possibilities Miss Dugan  
we can do more for you than anybody Miss Dugan

you dirty liars you dirty stinking liars I'll send you a wire that'll burn you up I'll tell you what I think of you that'll do you a lot of good Dixie old girl that'll get you somewhere that'll get you a job well I give a damn and I'll tell Buelow too the dirty dog and Kirk King the sneaky skunk yes you will I sure will how about Jimmy he could have done something for you could he of course he could now you'll never hear from him you'll have to go back to New York and sneak in the back way oh didn't you like it out in California Dixie sure but I like little old New York better ho ho ho but I do yeah that's what they all say how's Jimmy doing out there oh he's doing all right didn't you see him well yes sort of oh I see ah hah I see well if I hear of anything I'll let you know what's Jimmy's address out there Colossal Film Corporation Colossal Film Colossal fake Colossal fools Colossal liars all liars well I'm going to start lying I'll be a liar sure I love you sure I'm crazy about you gimme gimme gimme get me into the movies mister sure I'll be good to you sure who Jimmy Doyle oh that's all over that was just a passing fancy ha ha ha don't be silly just one of the boy friends if I never see him again it will be too soon hello Fritzie I thought I'd give you a ring sure sure I'll have dinner with you why not yes that'll be just swell I'll jump in the tub and I'll be all ready by the time your car comes I'll get rid of Kirk and come right over oh he's been hanging round all afternoon yes but I like you you know

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that yes I know you will and I'll slay 'em in the part too that was just written for me bye sure I love you bye bye love you my eye that fat neck gives me the creeps oh well what the hell turn on the light aw leave it dark I don't want to see anything there's nothing to see nobody's coming lie down and forget it hello phone why don't you say something we put 'em right next to the bed miss so you don't have to get up and answer 'em I'll lie here and look at your funny mouth open all ready to say something talk to me say hello you're laughing that's what you're doing well I can laugh too ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha crying again Dixie dry those sweet tears they're salty Buddy they run right down into the corners of your mouth taste good I bet you look like a mess well who cares cheer up little girl you're a long time dead besides when you cry your nose gets red Denny used to say that I wonder where he is now you're a long time dead oh I wish I was nobody loves me nobody cares about me nobody loves me and my hands are cold oh yes God loves you little girl and you can sit on your hands oh He does does He well why doesn't He do something about it shut up stop that noise ring your head off what do I care I know you haven't taken up the option you don't have to call me and nag me about it I won't answer you what'ye think of that ring your fool head off all right then if you must I'll tell you what I think I'll tell you where to head in hello . . . yes . . . yes this is Dixie Dugan . . . oh no it isn't it can't be

you . . . oh Jimmy where are you . . . yes . . .  
yes I know they did I just got the telegram . . . of  
course you can talk to me about it where are you . . .  
of course I will . . . you come here . . . yes I'll  
be waiting for you . . . oh Jimmy I can't believe  
it . . . Jimmy . . . bye dear hurry up . . . oh he  
called me Jimmy called me he's coming here oh I  
must get dressed oh God I'm so happy oh Thank  
you God you do love me you do you do and I've been  
so bad oh please forgive me God I'm going to be so  
good I'm going to love you so oh God Jimmy is  
coming to see me Oh-h . . .

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## VII

SCENE I: *Express elevator, Office Building, Lower Broadway.*

OPERATOR: Good morning, Mr. Goldman.

VARIETY REPORTER (*sotto voce*): Ah, that's Goldman of Goldman, Goldman & O'Brien.

OPERATOR: Good morning, Mr. Dillon.

VARIETY REPORTER: Ah, Dillon of Dillon & Fishback.

OPERATOR: Floors, please. Thirty next.

GOLDMAN: Five.

DILLON: Seven.

GOLDMAN: I think I'll get off with you.

DILLON: Okay.

VARIETY REPORTER: Ah, hahhhhhh!

SCENE II. *Office of "Variety," a theatrical weekly.*

REPORTER (*breathlessly*): Where's Sime? Gee I got a hot tip. Swell!

ABEL: Better let him alone. He's busy.

REPORTER: Busy hell! I got a big story. Merger. Wall street bankers getting together. Dillon, who's behind Fox and Goldman who controls Loew and . . .

ABEL: Oh nuts. Hey boy. Take this up to the composing room.

SIME (*cheerily*):—Well, this Goldie dame is doing perch stuff with the Gertie Hoffman troupe. Cute little broad too. So last night she falls right out of the flies, smack on the fanny.

JACK: No kiddin'!

REPORTER (*breathless*): Oh Sime. I've got a hot tip.

SIME: Hold it—yeah, and the tough part is this little bimbo had just been given fifty grand and a piece of blue ice that must have been eight karats. That's what knocked her. Celebrating.

JACK: Celebrating what?

REPORTER: It's a big movie merger, Sime. I saw them talking together. Dillon and Goldman.

SIME: For God's sake, boy!—Where was I Jack?

JACK: She was celebrating.

SIME: Yeah that's it. Her husband. Hadn't seen him for five years. Met her in Chicago and next morning he walked right out of the picture and never showed up again. Couldn't find him. Tried every way. Yesterday he comes into town, looks her up. Seems he got knocked on the head, out in Chi. He picked the right town. So full of amnesia he goes out West and turns up in the movies. Probably made a director out of him.

REPORTER: This is about movies. This is movies too. It's a merger.

SIME: Shut up!—then he gets some ground, and



there's oil in it, and one day he comes to and looks around and says, Where am I? Hollywood. So he gets the hell out—comes here and finds the wife, explains all and gives her fifty thousand bucks just as a start. She gets high sterical, they go out and get plastered together. When she goes on to do her stunt at the Shubert last night, she jumps for a trapeze that ain't there. Klunk! Write it up, will ya?—now what the hell's eating you?

REPORTER: I saw Goldman and Dillon together down on lower Broadway—looks like a merger of Fox and Loew.

SIME: Wha'd they say?

REPORTER: Well, it isn't so much what they said. It's what they didn't say.

SIME: Well, see that you quote them correct. Is the Stanley chain part of it?

REPORTER: I think so.

SIME: How 'bout the West Coast Theatres?

REPORTER: They didn't go into that.

SIME: Well I guess you can say they're involved.

REPORTER (*panting*): How much do you want?

SIME: Gimme about a column and a half and I'll break it over from the first page.

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(From Variety, Week of October 3rd.)

**FOX—LOEW—FAMOUS—COLOSSAL MERGER**

Four Flicker Leaders In Wall Street Circle  
The mating season for of the largest companies in the  
movies opened with a bang yes- flicker business will either be  
terday. Before very long four married or living in sin to-

gether. Fox, Loew, (M-G-M) Famous and Colossal will be banded together under Wall Street auspices which means practically the entire industry will be taking orders from Downtown. Yesterday morning a Variety reporter had enough first hand information in Wall Street to confirm rumors which have been rampant

for weeks, or ever since Kennedy and Zukor made a hurried trip West together. Among the banking firms interested in the financing of the holding company that will absorb and operate the companies mentioned are Goldman & O'Brien and Dillon & Fishback, who have been interested before this in . . .

HOLLYWOOD, CAL.  
October 6.

NITA DARLING:

I've just left Jimmy. What a sweet time we had! We're that way again—the sun is shining, the birds are singing, the stars are as big as your fist—and if this doesn't make sense, it doesn't matter.

He'd been out here almost two months, never even called me. Said he thought I had a swelled head. Then the day they didn't take up my option, he heard about it. He called me and came up to see me and told me how sorry he was. And I cried down his neck and all over the potato salad and cold chicken wings we got from the Del. Gee, and all the time I thought he was the one who had gone Hollywood. Pictures in the paper, guest of this and that. It's a wonder you notice me, I told him. That's a lot of malaky, says he. The press department sends out a big blurb about you, one day posing you with Clara Bow, the next with Greta Garbo and pay day you

find you're docked \$4.50 for that dictionary missing from the reference department. By docking all the writers, they're sure to get the right one. Unless it happens to be the guy who wrote the story about you in the press department. And that's who it was too. Try to collect from one of those guys.

I told Jimmy I'd like to see where he works and he said, Why not? The boys'll be glad to get some news from the outside world. Be sure and bring them some newspapers. The last contact they had was when Balto got through with the serum, just in time to save them, too. They'd been isolated for months, working night and day on imitations of *Abie's Irish Rose*. Remember "Toplitsky of Tipperary" and "Paddy of Palestine"? For a while one whole department was devoted exclusively to the production of "Begorahs" and "Shmai Yisroales." Come out tomorrow night. We're all working double shifts now on stories for sound pictures.

So tonight I went out to the Colossal lot and battled my way thru sentries waving red lanterns outside of sound stages—you see they try to shoot most of the mike opera at night when it's quiet.

Well it took an hour to find where Jimmy and all the other writers were holed in. It was a long wooden barracks, Nita, in a far corner of the lot, built for one of the war picture sets. Remember that big delousing scene in *What Price Glory*, or *The Big Parade* or something? I forget which. Well after the picture they condemned the building and divided it up into

little cubby holes and put all the scenario writers in it. One writer in each coop with his name on the door. Jimmy says they started out first by putting the names on the door in gold leaf. Then they found that was too permanent, besides it gave the writers wrong ideas about themselves, so they printed them on little cards and then as the writers got fired or had to be taken away, they stuck the new names on with thumb tacks. But that got to be too much trouble too, so now they chalk the names on the doors or just the time card numbers.

Jimmy was in one of the cells away down the hall and I had to pass about 15 doors, all closed, but the transoms were open. All the writers were dictating madly and the plots were coming out of the transoms. I wish I could give you an idea of what a mad-house it was. But this is something like—

Long shot Zulu beating Bongo Drum Boom-boom-boom sound effect. Fade in title letters dripping blood, The Red Dance, The Red Dance of Death—long shot of Girl's white body tied to stake: Camera pans slowly up from feet—slowly moves up to face. Face fills screen, then eyes. One eye. Horror! In her eye we see reflection of fire and dance of the savages. Cut to closeup of grass rope burning. She breaks away. Bongo drum beats faster—BOOM BOOM BOOMBOOM BOOM!!! Girl flees thru jungle, on trail to white trader's shack.

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Shot, Chaney in plaster cast, chewing orchids.  
Cut to chase.

Open with closeup of white legs dancing. More white legs, lots of legs. Lap into saxophones. Plant theme song. Quick flashes, breasts, hips, legs. Fade in dear old New England mother, crocheting doilies. Shot of clock: Eight o'clock. Title: 'Pears to be about bed time, Paw. Sound effect: laughter from cabaret very sarcastic coming thru organ solo played by old New England father on a little parlor organ. *Suggest*, "Lead Kindly Light." Lap dissolved into: "Lights of B'way." Electric signs UFA angles. Shots of white legs running upstairs. Black trouser legs with evening braid pursuing down long, rambling corridors of summer hotel. Cut to chase.

Closeup, Jannings's back. Huge drooping shoulders. Fade in Beer Garden in Milwaukee. pounding steins on table and singing Schnitzelbank. Jannings crying into beer. Close up of beer with the tears splashing into. Tart pushes him playfully. Title: Putting salt in your beer so early in the evening? . . . I copped that from O. Henry, but who knows that?—L'me see—Salt—oh yeah—cut to salt mines in Siberia. Long lines of convict prisoners struggling thru snow—might show Aurora Borealis with shooting tongues of light changing to cruel

whips lashing convicts—Maybe that's a symbol or something. Jannings escapes—I'll figure it out later . . . Cut to chase.

Well, sis, that gives you an idea. Farther down the hall, some guy was doing a college story—one of those Yip for Yale one minute to play hats over the goal posts sort of things. And a male collegian chorus for sound track singing Fight, fight, fight for dear old Whoozis! And next door another underworld story—Mike the Rat and Gyp the Gat and the fine clean cop who always just happens to wander in when they're unloading the Scotch or putting one of the other gang on the spot—and so on and so on and so on . . . until I got down to Jimmy. There he was walking up and down in his cell. Three steps up and three steps back, his collar off, his hair on end and a girl taking it all down. I listened a while and couldn't make any sense out of it. Then a bell rang and the girl gathered her notebook and ran down the hall. That means there'll be a story conference in ten minutes, says Jimmy. That's the warning bell. She has to have all this typed for the conference. They have conferences every fifteen minutes so we can discuss the story as it goes along. I suppose you didn't understand what I was dictating, did you? No, says I, did you? And he says sure, I'm on the Rin-Tin-Tin story now. I was faking an Eskimo song. They chant to celebrate the success of the big seal drive. It was Nebbick's idea. I thought

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you came out here to do your own ideas, says I. I was young, says he, and didn't know. Well only a few more weeks and I'll be out. Have you found anything? And I told him the truth, a lot of promises and a lot of tips to go to this studio and that, but all wild goose chases. And then he says, Well, cheer up. We were flops before and we can flop again and so long as we can be together while we're doing it, it could be a lot worse. Anyway, there's something stirring around here. All sorts of huddles going on and rumors about this going out, and that coming in, and shakeups all the way up the line. I don't know just what it is. Everyone has a different angle on it. We're buying somebody or they're buying us, so anything's liable to happen. I might finish up running the works, or just opening the gates, and where's that big kiss you brought me? So I delivered it, and just then a siren blew and Jimmy jumped up and said, My God! Story conference. You'll have to find your way home. I'll call you tomorrow. Then he ran down the hall without his collar, and all the other doors flew open and all the other writers tore down the hall and out over the lot looking for their conferences. I found out later the supervisors and directors try to keep the places a secret, but the older writers always know where to find them.

Love,  
DIXIE.

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*Offices of Dillon & Fishback, Lower Broadway.*

Hello Max, this is Dillon.

I was just going to ring you.

About that merger story?

Yeah. What is all this cockeyed nonsense. The *Times* just called me.

Me too. Something about a story in *Variety*.

Never heard of *Variety*. What is it?

It's a theatrical sheet. The *Times* said they had a story that you and I were merging three or four movie companies.

That's what they told me, too. I told them it was a lot of nonsense.

Me too. But it gave me an idea. Maybe they're ripe for a merger and this was just a feeler.

Think so?

Shouldn't wonder. Wouldn't do us any harm to talk it over. What do you think?

Well, I know our bunch don't want to merge.

We don't either. But the other guys might. Wouldn't do any harm for all of us to get together and talk about it anyway.

How's your golf?

You'd be surprised. Who is the Warner outfit?

Fineman put out their last issue.

We might have a talk with him.

He's been playing a pretty good game lately. Eighty-two last Saturday.

I think Milton would be a good feller to talk to.

That's a good hunch. They'd never suspect him.



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Jack is okay. He's dabbled a bit in the theatre, too.

Sure enough. He had a piece of that show last year. What was the name of that girl he was crazy about? Dixie? Dixie something?

Dugan. But Jack isn't bragging about it. She certainly took him for a ride.

Well, it could happen to any of us.

Sure. Anyway Jack could do a lot of the ground work for us. Think it over and we'll get together sometime.

How about making up a foursome Saturday? I'll try to get Fineman.

Okay. You wouldn't like to come in on Chrysler, would you?

It's all yours.

You'll be sorry.

You're too good to me. S'long.

'Bye.

*Stage Five, Colossal Lot, Hollywood.*

*Chiquita and her leading man, Harold Strongface, are doing the big murder scene in the allegorical sequence of "Sinning Lovers." Strongface as Good Man is drowning Chiquita, Bad Woman, in the glittering gold fish fountain in the Patio of Passion in the House of Sin.*

BUELOW (hoarse from yelling all morning): Gimme something, will you; Strongface, you big ham! I want indignation, virtuous horror. You're drowning the little bitch—can't you give me that?

STRONGFACE (*mechanically*): All right, Mr. Bue-low. (*To Chiquita.*) The son of a so and so. (*Softly.*) Am I hurting you, Sweet Thing?

CHIQUITA (*meltingly*): I love your hands on my neck—sooo strong.

BUELOW: All ready—action—now Chiquita, as he is pushing you down into the fountain, rage at him—spit at him—he squeezes your neck tighter—you're choking—take it BIG—let me have it—Music!—Camera!

STRONGFACE (*registering hate while talking thru his clenched teeth*): You come over to my house after you've seen the rushes tonight.

CHIQUITA: Ye—es, darling!

BUELOW (*yelling*): Give me hate, will you? Damn you!

STRONGFACE: Ah, tahel with him. He'll be dragging his tail up and down Hollywood looking for a job before the week's out.

CHIQUITA: Who? Fritzie?

STRONGFACE: Sure. Haven't you heard?—there's a big merger and Colossal is going to close down and everybody is out except directors with stage experience and actors on contract.—Hurting you, Honey?

CHIQUITA: Ye—es, it's nice. Tonight I weel hurt you—Oooh!

BUELOW: Cut! Move up for the closeup—Shot of hands on throat . . . That was lousy but we're behind schedule. Hey Joan . . . where thahel's that

script girl. Joan! There, run out while we're making this set up and get Mickey O'Keefe over here. We're going to do that theme song tonight. And hurry back.

VOICES: Rest your lights . . . give us another broad here . . . Hit her with 248 . . . Try a silk on it . . . Hey, Mike, put a few of your goddam tourists to work on these props, will you?

*(The sound-proof cell of Mickey O'Keefe, number seven in a row of two dozen cubicles all occupied by theme song writers, sad exiles from Tin Pan Alley.)*

MICKEY (*picking the keys with one finger*):

*When I begin*

*To fall in*

*To sin—umpty ump, a loving sinner, winner, dinner, finner, skinner*

*Oh is it a sin to love. Oh I love to sin with you my loving sinner—*

Oh, hello Joan—how's that?

JOAN (*running a slim warm hand through his curly hair*): How's what, Mickey?

MICKEY (*singing*): Oh is it love—oh is it sin—when I love to sin with you—just you. Umpty bump bump—just you. Now I'll work backwards on the middle part.

JOAN: Gee, that's hotsy. When will you be finished? Buelow sent me over for you—they're going to shoot sound tonight—the theme song.

MICKEY: I'm still writing it. Say, baby can you

keep a secret? Listen I got it straight today from a guy who just came from New York that there aren't going to be any more pictures made out here after this month—all the production with this sound stuff can be done inside and they're gonna move everything back East so as to be near the actors in New York and the electrical experts in Schenectady. Hello Broadway, here I come.

JOAN: I heard different.

MICKEY: But this is straight—he got it from a guy downtown. He says buy Western Union.

JOAN: Western Union?

MICKEY: Because they're behind the whole thing—buying all the film companies so they can control the television when they get ready to release it—I got it straight—it's all perfected and they're just holding it back till this is put over.

JOAN: You wouldn't fool a dumb girl?

MICKEY: You ain't so dumb.

JOAN: I wish I was as smart as you—could write songs and everything. It must be wonderful. And you get it all out of this curly head!

MICKEY: Get away closer—that's better . . . aren't they cute? You know baby, I can remember when knees were away uptown . . .

JOAN: Fresh!

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*(Soda fountain in Drug Store across the street from Colossal Lot. Dixie is getting an earful from Delight Moran, doing a small bit as one of the*

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*Seven Deadly Sins in Buelow's super-epic "Sinning Lovers.")*

DELIGHT: I got seven bucks and a half a day just as atmosphere. Now when I get a part all I can chisel is ten.

DIXIE: Ten bucks is better than nothing.

DELIGHT: Sure, I know, but doing a part like *Pride* is worth more than ten bucks.

DIXIE: There's a lot of kids in this town that would commit murder for ten bucks. Starving, the poor devils.

DELIGHT: Yeah, it's tough and this sound stuff is making it tougher.

DIXIE: How do you mean?

DELIGHT: Used to use a lot of us kids when they were having a big fight or a frolic but now the guy goes to the window and says "Voila, Sacre Bloo. It's the Revolution. Ecoute the bloodthirsty mob coming up the road to Versailles." And then four or five huskies do a huddle over in front of the mike and make mob noises like Walla, walla, walla. You can see the dough they save. But how about little me!

DIXIE: Or little me for that matter.

DELIGHT: Yeah! The whole racket is in for a fall if you ask me. Ya know I got a boy friend who works over at Grauman's Chinese—he's that big, tall, good looking egg who stands out in the middle of the patio in the gold kimono . . . well, he overheard Joe Schenck tell Sid Grauman that the U. S. Steel Company has got control of some patents

where they make pictures in three dimensions, life size and in natural colors, and they're going to produce them in Pittsburgh, and all the companies out here will have to close down. I might just as well have stayed in Akron. I wouldn't have that long haul back across the country. (*Climbs down off stool, shakes out long white robes of Pride, and pats down diamond tiara.*) Well, back to the factory. I hope they get to me this afternoon. They spent the whole morning shooting closeups of a doorknob. Say, I heard Fox is looking for a girl that can lead numbers. They're doing a revue. Know Schmeck over there?

DIXIE: No. Do you?

DELIGHT: And how! I'll take you over there tonight when I wash up here. Thanks for the coke. S'long.

DIXIE: 'Bye. (*Paying check.*) Schmeck! Well, he might be my luck. Here goes the last ten spot and not another in sight. I'll be climbing palms and chewing holes in cocoanuts. (*Goes out singing softly.*)

*I can't love or anything, but give, Baby*  
Say, that's a good theme song for this here Hollywood.

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(*Express Elevator, Office Building, Lower Broadway*)

OPERATOR: Good morning, Mr. Goldman, good morning, Mr. Dillon.

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GOLDMAN: Hello there, Dillon.

DILLON: Hello, Max.

OPERATOR: Floors please. Thirty next.

GOLDMAN: Five. Say I lined up Fineman for that foursome.

DILLON: Six. I got Jack Milton. Had lunch with him yesterday. Say, you know he's still nuts about that Dixie Dugan gal. Says she's out west in the movies now. Got steamed up right away on the chance he might go out there.

GOLDMAN: Saturday morning is on then?

DILLON: Yes, same time. We'll meet at the club.

GOLDMAN: Okay. 'Bye. Out five.

DILLON: S'long. Six out.

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## VIII

Hello Diary:

No news for today. No work from Colossal. No jobs. Nothing but a letter from *Le Dernier Chic* wanting to know when I'm going to pay for those dresses. Now if I knew that, diary, wouldn't I be smart? I guess this is the beginning. They'll all be bearing down on me as soon as they hear Colossal didn't take up my option. When I first came out here all the shops were crawling into my lap. Sure honey we want you to have anything you want. We know you're going to be a big star and we want you to be with us. You don't have to pay for it now. Don't say a word about it. It's all right. Well that was just dandy, diary. And I went plumb loco. Oh well they can't hang you. And they should have known better anyway. I'll learn 'em. I only hope they don't come in here and start seizing things. I wouldn't even have a coat of tan. Mickey sent me a cute new song yesterday. A new theme song for a comedy called *Chiropractic Papa*. He's been awfully cute, diary. Taking me out to dinner and trying to get me a job. Although why you want a work in this madhouse he says I don't know. And I says to him you get me wrong Mickey. When I came out here I wanted to work for fame. Now I



just want a job for eats. He's doing swell out here. They like him. And he's sore as the devil. He's been eating his heart out to get back to Times Square. So the last few weeks before they were to take up his option he wrote the worst stuff he could think of. And believe it or not, it went over with a yip! The supervisor was just nuts about it. So they took up his option and now he's got to stay here nine more months. Here's *Chiropractic Papa*, diary: The verse starts like this—

*Sufficient I've been getting—oh  
Of many kinds of petting—oh  
I've tried it graeco-roman style and other ways  
galore  
I've had the gay and ginfal kind  
The sinuous and sinful kind  
But none could neck  
Enough to wreck  
My cool esprit de corps;  
But, oh, the thrill  
That warmed my chill  
Platonic pneumogastric  
When my matter-of-fact-ic  
Chiropractic  
Papa got gymnastic.  
I entertained emotions no girl should be de-  
nied,  
Though many times a bridesmaid, but never yet  
a bride.*

And here's the chorus—

*Oh, chiropractic papa!  
I love your sinful digits,  
For when they steal along my keel  
I get conniption fidgets.  
Chiropractic papa!  
Take me for your own,  
And you may play my vertebrae  
Just like a xylophone.*

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Dear Diary . . . Lunch today with Jimmy at the Montmartre. Sidewalks outside door lined up with tourists saying ah! and ooh! There goes Dolores Del Rio. There goes Marion Davies. But I didn't hear the excited mob yell: There goes Dixie Dugan! Well they will, damn 'em. Jimmy and I had a table over in the corner where we could watch all the stars and the near stars and the former stars waving at each other or snubbing each other. Each one trying to be the most popular. And the little baby stars bouncing in and out in Deauville sandals, tennis socks, and batik skirts with panties to match. Alice White and Sue Carol and Sally O'Neill and Nancy Carroll and Lupe Velez—there's a hot little bimbo, diary,—and, of course Gary Cooper and Conrad Nagel and Alan Hale who looks like a big ice man we used to have and George Bancroft with that permanent wave curl on the back of his neck—I could like him in a big way. And over in an-

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other corner the table where all the chatterers sit—the girls who write Hollywood gossip for the newspapers and magazines. And not very far away a round table of Colossal supervisors and directors. Jimmy used to lunch with them but now they got a new writer from the East. They always fete 'em before they give 'em the works, Jimmy says. The condemned man ate a hearty breakfast. I asked Jimmy if he was still doing Eskimo songs for the Rin-Tin-Tin epic. And he said no they had put him on *Sinning Lovers* doing dialogue for the Babylonian sequence. Just then Lola Krunch, one of the big local movie chatterers, stopped at the table and spoke to Jimmy. She interviewed him when he first came out here and he introduced me and she introduced a woman who was with her. Well, diary, I nearly fell off my chair. Who do you think it was? Hedda Natchova. And I used to be so nutty about her. What a knockout she was. And only a few years ago too. I often wondered what became of her. And here she was in the flesh. We chattered a while but I was so rattled I don't know what we said. After they passed on Jimmy said you're going too, of course. I says going where? What? When? To Natchova's house for tea Saturday. Didn't you hear Krunch say she wanted me to come? You get the idea, don't you? And I says no, being still dizzy and he says that's too easy. Natchova's trying to stage a comeback and Krunch thinks I'm in pretty over at Colossal and can do something for her. I

suspect Krunch is nicking the lady. That's part of her racket. So she's staging a tea and there's enough glamour in the Natchova name to make anything she does stand up in the gossip column. It's kinda sad, you know. Five years ago she would have started a panic if she walked in here and look at her over there now bowing and smiling to everybody. I bet her face aches. But Jimmy I says she's still beautiful. Sure she is says Jimmy but they want 'em young out here now. Anyway we'll have tea with her Saturday. Her house will give you a kick. It's as big as Madison Square Garden and just about as homey.

Can you wait till Saturday, diary? I can't hardly. This will be the first really big mansion in Beverly Hills that I've had a chance to get into. We really ought to know how it looks, diary. We might want to take it over some day. I can hear that guide on the rubberneck now. To your right, the palatial home of Dixie Dugan! And then a bus load of ahs! and oohs!

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Dear Diary . . . I've just come back from tea at Hedda Natchova's house, and I'm going to try and put it all down, diary, as near as I can remember it. I only wish I could write, like a real writer and use a lot of swell words. I read lots of stories with less in them than five minutes of that tea. First there's the house, diary. Enorm! That's all, just enorm. Sits away back in the middle of huge grounds, half the side of a hill. You drive

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through big iron gates, up a driveway lined with palm trees, a narrow strip of cropped lawn and the rest wild. There was a butler at the door and a maid to take care of your things upstairs and then you come down the marble staircase into a huge living room with a fire burning at one end. You can get sunkist plenty outdoors here in California and still freeze to death in the house. Jimmy was to take me but he got tied up in another one of those damn conferences and couldn't get away. So he called me and told me to go alone. Natchova was very sweet to me. She didn't remember who I was, but that didn't matter. She didn't seem to know hardly anybody that was there. And they didn't pay any more attention to her. They just sat or stood and speared the cocktails off the trays as they went by. I asked one of the girls who they were. And she said well that dark-haired egg over there is a gag man on the Christie lot. I don't remember his name. And the little blonde is Myra Kelley. She's in the quickies on Poverty Row. But I don't place any of the others. And I says what are they doing here? She says what are you doing? What am I doing? What are we all doing? We're drinking drinks and putting away the tid-bits. And I says who did you come with? She says I came with me, silly. I heard there was a tea and my thirst was aroused. We'll lap them up until they stop circulating and then we'll go places and do things. Want to meet anybody? And I says sure. And she says well go ahead. Nobody will mind. And

if you don't meet them they won't mind either. So, I stood around, first one foot then another while a couple of dozen girls and men dashed in grabbed a flock of drinks and hurried out. Everybody talked to everybody else but hardly anybody talked to the hostess. She wandered around smiling bravely and trying to find out as delicately as possible the names of those she was entertaining. I guess I must have looked as bewildered as she was because when it grew dark and there were only a few people left around a tray which they took forcibly away from the Filipino, she came over and sat down beside me. Some bird in a uniform went around and pulled down all the shades and lit the light. Away off in the corner we could hear a struggle going on over the last of the cocktails and then some doors slammed and it got very quiet. You'll pardon me says she very softly if I don't remember your name. It's Dixie Dugan. A sweet name says she. Who are you with Dixie? So I lied bravely. I'm with the Colossal. I've got a five year contract. Yes, says she, they'd like you. You're young and pretty.

I'll never be as pretty as you were. Or are I mean, catching myself quickly, but not quick enough. So I rattled on. You're beautiful and the way you can act. You used to tear me to pieces. I'm just a little punk alongside of you. It's sweet of you to say that Dixie. And I says well it's true. But I suppose you're awfully tired of having people tell you how wonderful you were . . . are, I mean.

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And she took my hand and said were, Dixie, leave it were. Then I didn't know what to say so I said well you've got a swell lay-out here. I mean you've certainly got a beautiful place. Wonder if I'll ever have a place like this? And she says sure you will. You may have this one. And I says don't be silly. Even if I ever did make enough money to buy a place like this I couldn't keep it up. And she says that won't stop you. It didn't stop me. I don't know why I'm talking to you like this. I guess it's the drinks. Or maybe it's because I'm just so tired of lying to everybody. And there's something about you sitting here, young and pretty and full of confidence, that reminds me of myself at your age. God it all looked grand. And it was, too. You know I used to pretend I didn't hear them in theatres and restaurants and on the street saying ooh! there goes Hedda Natchova! Isn't she stunning! But just the same I heard every word of it and I loved it. Now they say, look, she looks sort of familiar, who is that? And somebody will say that's Natchova and then somebody else will say well, well, I often wondered what became of her. That's how fast you go up and down in this business. But you're beautiful, I says, and you can act. Why compared to all these little squirts that are starring now—why there just isn't any comparison. And she says listen Dixie they've got one thing I haven't got—youth. They've got young necks and young legs and young eyes. And nice slim, soft young bodies. And you can't

fool the camera when it comes to those things. And that's what they want out here in this business. Youth. Young flesh. And they feed it into the machine and out comes thousands of feet of young eyes and young legs and young bodies. Reels and reels of it. And that's what people want to see. Men go there and watch them hungrily all evening and then go home and close their eyes when they kiss their wives. And women go there and watch them too, but they're looking for those first lines around the eyes or if their arms are getting fat. And aren't they happy when they find what they're looking for. Beginning to look her age isn't she? And did you notice how fat she was getting in that last picture. Well, she hasn't anything I didn't have. Just lucky, that's all. If I could have got somebody interested in me when I was her age—when I was young. And I says Natchova—and she says you can call me Hedda and I says but listen Hedda what's all this old stuff—you're still young. And she says I'm thirty-two and in this business if you're over thirty you're older than God. If you're a woman. Men get away with murder. Men always had all the luck. Oh, well with all this talking stuff coming in I may get a break yet. Lola Krunch was bringing a New York playwright here this afternoon who was going to do a screen play for me with dialog. I had stage experience you know. He's over at the Colossal lot. I don't remember his name. But he didn't show up. Plenty of others did though. Say



didn't I meet him with you at the Montmartre. Sure I did. And I says do you mean Jimmy Doyle. And she says Doyle that's the name. Do you think he could do something for me? And I thought to myself Jimmy has all he can do doing something for himself. And I couldn't help thinking what a cock-eyed business this was. Where playwrights are doing sound effects for dog stories and former stars are trying to use these same playwrights to help them come back. Everybody lying to everybody else. And then I remembered the lie I told her. So I says listen, Jimmy can't do anything for you. He's just hanging on over there now by his eyebrows. And I told you I had a contract, too. But I'm just a liar. They didn't take up my option and I haven't got anything. And Hedda says you mustn't worry about a little lie. It's all make believe out here and make believe is lying. You get so used to working in lies you never notice when you're living in them. You see this house. Looks grand, doesn't it? It's a big lie. I could take you through it and show you forty guest rooms that haven't any guests—I locked them up long ago. Couldn't afford the help to keep them dusted. Come here I'll show you something. See that big swimming pool. You couldn't swim in it. There isn't any water. There hasn't been ever since the pump in the filter broke down. I can't afford to get it fixed. But I tell everybody I'm installing a new ultra-violet filter. Laugh that off. Why did I have tea today? Because Krunch said she'd bring

somebody here who could help me. Another lie. Why do I let all these other people come here to eat and drink and run? Because I'd go mad in this big place all alone. Why don't I sell it and get out then? 'Cause everybody would say poor Natchova, had to sell her house. I guess she's all through. Well, we sure had some swell parties up there. Say, are you going over to Lily Whooziz tonight? She's throwing a big party, to celebrate her first starring picture. Oh, everybody'll be there.

I guess you better run along home, Dixie. I'll have Michael take you, in the car. Don't mind if he goes rather slow. The tires are not so good.

So that's how I came home, diary. In the big Rolls Royce with the very thin tires. And I don't know whether it was the cocktails or the swimming pool full of dead leaves or Michael driving carefully to save the tires—there was no spare—or the gloom of that big empty shell of a house on Beverly Hills, but whatever it was I had a lump in my throat all the way home.

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*Office of Jack Milton, broker, 67 Wall Street*

MILTON: Miss Leff? Busy?

MISS LEFF: No, Mr. Milton.

MILTON: Take a few letters, and then see about getting me some transportation to the Coast.

MISS LEFF: The Coast?

MILTON: Yes, I am going to Hollywood. What would you like me to bring back to you?

MISS LEFF: Jack Gilbert.

MILTON: If I can't get him, would Navarro do?

MISS LEFF: Did you hear that Hollywood story about the young fellow who told his girl maybe I can't kiss you like Gilbert or hug you like Navarro—have you heard it?

MILTON: No, what is it?

MISS LEFF: Well, don't stop me if you've heard it—I want to tell it anyway—he said to his girl maybe I can't kiss you like Gilbert, or hug you like Navarro, but I can bite you like Rin-Tin-Tin.

MILTON: Ha! ha! take a note to Goldman, Goldman & O'Brien—

*"Confirming our understanding on Saturday will leave for Coast latter part of week to make preliminary survey of physical properties of list of companies involved.*

*Very truly yours,*

MILTON

*P.S. I took five in that bunker—not six."*

MISS LEFF: How did you come out Saturday?

MILTON: Oh, the boys got so busy talking about this movie merger, they almost spoiled the game, but we all did pretty well after we decided to chuck the discussion and hold it in the shower room. Goldman and I were two down at the turn, but we trimmed them coming back.

MISS LEFF: That's good.

MILTON: Then we had our shower and Scotch and while we were having a rub, we merged Loew, Fox, Colossal and United Artists.

MISS LEFF: I thought Radio was coming in on it.

MILTON: Fineman didn't get back from the fight out in Chicago—he's got a sweetie out there—so that's why we decided to take in Colossal instead of Radio. If you have a few dollars, you better pick up some of that Colossal Common. We'll probably split it up three for one of the new stuff. And by the way—when you wire to Hollywood for hotel reservation, ask our office out there if they know which outfit Miss Dixie Dugan is working for.

MISS LEFF (*archly*): As if you didn't know.

MILTON (*confused*): Ask them anyway, and take a memo to Dillon of Dillon & Fishback.

*"For your information, the Equity and Assets as at date of last public statement showed the Consolidated Balance Sheet of Colossal Film Corporation and Subsidiary Companies, after giving effect to current financing, as prepared by independent auditors, reveals net tangible assets of approximately \$71,053,000, an amount equivalent to \$5,921 for each \$1,000 of Notes, due April 1st, 1930, and net current assets of \$18,743,000.*

*Very truly yours,*

MILTON

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*P.S. Do you know where I could pick up a half-dozen cases of Bushmill?"*

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November 5.

NITA DARLING:

Remember old man Schmalz who ran the del around the corner and how he used to say efry day I find more py Jimminy Chrismus oudt? Well, me and Schmalz, especially since I came out here to this land of the leaping lispies. You know when I first hopped here from New York I sat down in a nest of headlines, Dixie Dugan this and Dixie Dugan that, with pictures taken before and after and all the movie chatterers telling me I was the cream in their coffee and to button up my overcoat and eat an apple every day. Well, that didn't last. Pretty soon all I got was silence and very little of that.

I was telling Jimmy the other day. What to do I says, what to do, I'm that flabbergasted. And Jimmy says you've got to come out of your dugout, you're hiding your light under a bushel. Ever hear of the fellow who went away out into the woods and started making mouse traps? Sure, I says, and I always thought he was a sap. Well, sap or no sap, says Jimmy, he became the head man in the mouse trap industry with branch offices all over the world and why? I never knew why, I says, just imagine! I don't know why either, says Jimmy, but that's my story and I'm stuck with it. How about a kiss? So

after a while I sort of remembered something and said, we were talking about a mouse trap, or were we? Yes, said Jimmy, and what I started to say before I was so rudely interrupted was this, the fellow who made better mouse traps in the middle of the woods and the world beat a path to his door wasn't doing his stuff in Hollywood. He could make them right on the corner of Hollywood and Highland and nobody would ever find it out unless he had a press agent. So then I said, well put your arms around me and we'll think it over. And after a while we came to a conclusion which I think was pretty cute of Jimmy.

You'll have to get some publicity, says Jimmy, people out here don't know you're alive unless they read about you in the local papers. Take Max Reinhardt. Known only in Europe, Asia, Africa and all points in America east of Mulholland Drive. But he had never had his face in the Montmartre or his name in the Hollywood Daily Citizen, so of course he couldn't amount to anything out here, and he was really on his way back to Salsburg when he got off at Pasadena. And take Morris Gest. No, I says, it's your turn. I took Max Reinhardt. Well anyway, says Jimmy, the point is the same, you've got to get some publicity. Get acquainted all over again with the gals in the verb and adjective racket out here. Throw a little party for them and the boy friends. What will I use for money, I says. I'm flatter than that. I'll help you, says Jimmy, the

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darling, and I'll help you get them there too. I don't know just how I'll do it but I will. It needn't be a big party, just a little get-together and that'll break the ice again. After that, if you cultivate the right ones in the right way you'll find yourself breaking into the local journals of opinion with sufficient regularity to impress such studio executives as can read—and you'd be surprised how many of them can.

So that's on, Nita. Jimmy is taking care of the invitations and is going to help me with the party which I am going to throw up here in my one-room apartment with kitchenette. Refreshments will consist of Scotch and sandwiches, Gin and sandwiches, Scotch and Gin and, for those who like to talk, just plain Scotch. X marks the spot. Wish you were here.

DIXIE.

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## IX

### HOLLYWOOD PARTY

*A Talking, Singing, Dancing Picture  
with Sound and Effects.*

We open with a LONG SHOT of apartment building. CAMERA TRUCKS UP to building, up wall for ten stories and we DISSOLVE into the apartment of Dixie Dugan. It is a single room modestly furnished with a kitchenette and dining alcove opening off one side. CAMERA PICKS UP flowers on table and TRUCKS TO CLOSEUP of portable victrola playing *You're The Cream In My Coffee* (*Sound Effect*). Through open door we get a LONG SHOT of Dixie Dugan preparing sandwiches and putting ginger ale and White Rock bottles in the ice box. Motor of ice box starts (*Sound Effect*) but over it we hear Dixie singing to victrola accompaniment.

DIXIE (*singing*) :

*You're the fly in my coffee,  
You're the tack in my shoe  
You will always be  
My calamity  
I can do without you*



*You're the lumps in my oatmeal  
You're the thumb in my soup  
(telephone rings)  
Even worse to me  
Hello?  
What a curse to me  
What? Hello!*

CLOSEUP of Dixie at telephone. We hear not only Dixie's side of the conversation but the strident mechanical noise of the voice in her receiver. Victrola continues to play under conversation.

Gee, that's too bad.

(W-a-a-a W-a-a-a W-a-a-a)

But I counted on you so.

(W-a-a-a W-a-a-a W-a-a-a Waaaaa W-a-a-a Waaaaa)

All right. I'll give you a rain check and you can come some other time.

(W-a-a-a W-a-a-a-a W-a-a-a W-a-a-a W-a-a-a Waaaaaaaa)

Gee, that'll be swell; sure! Go ahead and bring your party over later tonight.

(W-a-a-a W-a-a-a)

Okay, 'Bye!

(W-a-a-a)

Hangs up, door bell rings, Dixie opens door and is greeted by half a dozen guests. Her first arrivals. Confused greetings, cries of hello, how are you, well well well, where's the drinks, as girls and men

remove their wraps and follow her into the kitchenette.

CLOSEUP of ice box, DISSOLVING into kaleidoscopic shot of hands opening ginger ale bottles, pouring liquor into glasses. Clinking six highballs together, three black sleeves, three white arms against background of round kitchen clock showing 9 o'clock.

We DISSOLVE into office of Max Shamus, a producer on the Colossal lot. He is best described by his contemporaries who assert that if his nose were filled with nickels he could retire for life. He is presiding over an earth-shaking conference on *Sinning Lovers*. Lying on the couch is the great German director, Karl von Krankenhaus. Sitting on the radiator is the great Swedish trick photographer Gustaf Axelson. Pacing up and down is the great French actor Pierre Lapin. Brooding at the window is the great Polish sound technician Jan Pormorski. Sitting on the edge of a straight-backed chair is the completely bewildered American playwright Jimmy Doyle. Max Shamus is speaking in his general direction:

SHAMUS: Colossal has decided to make *Sinning Lovers* into the great American super epic of all the ages. (*To the others.*) Nicht wahr?

VON KRANKENHAUS: Ja wohl.

LAPIN: Mais oui.

SHAMUS: So, to make sure, we have taken all the

Americans off the picture except you. Where are you from?

DOYLE: New York.

SHAMUS: That's all right. You will work with von Krankenhaus. He does the story, puts the epic in it. And the motifications too, then you'll make it into dialogue.

JIMMY: English?

SHAMUS: No, American. I told you this is going to be the big American super epic.

VON KRANKENHAUS: Aber mit klang.

SHAMUS: Sure, klang—lots of klang.

JIMMY. Do I write the klang too?

LAPIN: Il est necessaire que j'ai un rôle dans lequel je puisse être délicat, léger et heureux.

SHAMUS (*to Jimmy*): Lapin has lots of fastidicality. You want to work it in.

AXELSON (*sonorously*): De Stora byggnaderna—Vi maste fa med de Stora husen och broarne!

PORMORSKI (*excited*): Gdy byłem we Warszawie, zrobilem film—

JIMMY: I wonder if I could telephone.

SHAMUS: And disturb this important conference just when we're getting somewhere? Certainly not!

*A door flies open and uniformed Attendant dashes in with official-looking communication. All gather around as Shamus opens envelope. They read: Closeup.*

# COLOSSAL FILM CORPORATION

## INTER-OFFICE COMMUNICATION

**Date** November 14th

**To** All Departments

**From** Peter Schmilick

The mailing room has been changed from M-11 in the Administration building to Room 134, building F, street S. Dial 5.

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We DISSOLVE to clock in Dixie's kitchenette. It is eleven o'clock. CAMERA TRUCKS BACK to a LONG SHOT of kitchenette. It is crowded with men and women—some in evening dress, some in sports costume. The table and sink are overflowing with bottles, empty and otherwise. CAMERA PANS around kitchenette into living room, also completely jammed with drinkers standing, sitting, leaning and lying. Through the hubbub of talking, laughing and singing we hear the victrola and the telephone and the door bell. DIXIE is standing by the telephone talking to girl in pink nightie holding hot water bottle next to her stomach.

MAN (*answering 'phone*): Hello! What? Yes wait a minute! (*To Dixie.*) It's Lola Krunch, she

says she's on another party and says can she bring them all over with her.

DIXIE: Sure! Why not?

MAN (*to 'phone*): She says, sure, why not! And if you know of any other parties bring them along.

Hangs up. Door bell rings. Door is opened and a party of ten or twelve crowd in waving hands to everybody. Cries of hello, hello, where's the drinks.

DIXIE (*to Pink Nightie*): What's the matter with your tum-tum?

PINK NIGHTIE: Gee, I don't know. I wanted to stay in bed but Bill called up and said I had to come over to his party. I told him I wasn't dressed and he said come as you are, so this is how I was, and then when I got over there he says come on, we're all going over to Dixie's, and we did. Who are you?

DIXIE: Why, I'm Dixie.

PINK NIGHTIE: Whose party is this?

DIXIE: Mine, or at least it started out to be. I don't know hardly any of these people.

PINK NIGHTIE: You're lucky. But maybe we'll all go somewhere else pretty soon. Hey there, you in the puttees, fill this hot water bottle again for me, will you? No, not gin, hot water. Yes, I know, I'm funny that way.

(*Telephone rings.*)

DIXIE (*on 'phone*): Hello, Hello! Is this you, Jimmy? No? Oh damn! Oh hello Mickey—yes come on over—who? Sure, bring Buelow with you

—and Chiquita too. Seen Jimmy? Double damn! Wait till I see him, I'll tell him what I . . .

We DISSOLVE into conference in Max Shamus' office. Shamus at the telephone speaking heatedly. Jimmy lying on the couch and around him gesticulating violently are von Krankenhaus, Pormorski, Lapin and Axelson.

KRANKENHAUS: Als ich bei Neu-Babelsberg war machte ich den Film "Ersatz fuer ewig" und ich hatte eine solch herrliche Szene—

JIMMY: Ja wohl. Sehr schoen.

PORMORSKI: Ja przeciez nie moge grac role milosna w lokomotywie i rownoczesnie eliminowac halas maszyny.

LAPIN: Sans blague!

SHAMUS (*on the 'phone*): Well, seventy five a case is plenty and you can take it or leave it! How much for Bacardi? WHAT? Robber! (*Hangs up.*)

JIMMY: I've really got to telephone, Mr. Shamus.

SHAMUS (*chewing cigar silently for a moment*): I got it. Hedda Natchova. She's sympathetic. And exotical too. (*Pushes buzzer. Girl staggers in dead for sleep.*) Take a wire, Hedda Natchova, Beverly Hills. Report my office tomorrow. Have important part for you in new super American epic *Sinning Lovers*, signed Shamus. (*Picks up phone.*) Wilshire 1074. (*To Jimmy.*) Don't forget, we gotta have lots of suspension in the picture—and pathetics. (*To phone.*) Hello, Quaker Box Lunch? Let me

talk to Mike. Oh Hello Mike . . . Shamus again . . . a case of Vermouth too. (*Hangs up.*)

JIMMY (*desperately*): Could I use the phone just a minute?

SHAMUS: My God man, is this a conference or ain't it?

*Uniformed attendant dashes in again with official communication, this time on pink paper, hands it to Shamus, salutes and exits. Conference pauses while all gather around to read it. Closeup:*

### COLOSSAL FILM CORPORATION

*Attention following executives and department heads.*

|               |                      |
|---------------|----------------------|
| Mr. Nebbick   | Mr. Caucus           |
| Mr. Shamus    | Mr. Krankenhaus      |
| Mr. Kirk      | Property Room        |
| Mr. Babcock   | Stage Door           |
| Mr. Pormorski | Recording Room       |
| Mr. Axelson   | Mike—projection room |
| Mr. Schmoos   | Jack— “ “            |
| Mr. O'Riley   |                      |

**TEST SCHEDULED FOR THURSDAY,**

**15th NOVEMBER—3 P. M.**

**SUSIE SLOTZ (Ingenué)**

**Test No. 2027**

**Requested by Mr. Shamus**

**Charge “Love In A Fog”**

**Cameraman—Mr. Schmoos**

Sound Supervisor—Mr. O'Riley

Monitor Man—Mr. Caucus

Directed by Mr. Babcock

SOUND AND SILENT—Stage "C"

PETER SCHMILICK.

THE ABOVE TEST HAS BEEN CANCELLED

PETER SCHMILICK.

We DISSOLVE into succession of short vivid shots showing Dixie's party has overflowed her tiny apartment.

SHOT of apartment building, lights blazing in the windows, radios and phonographs going in a mad blur of jazz.

SHOT of cars parked solid along curb both sides of the street in front of house and as far down the block as we can see.

SHOT of late arriving parties pouring out of cars dancing up the walk to apartment house entrance.

SHOT of crowded elevators.

TRAVELLING SHOT up stairway. CAMERA PICKS OUT couples parked on stairs and landings in various stages of amorous amusement. (*Caution here—CENSOR*)

SHOT of hallway outside of Dixie's door showing adjoining apartments and those across hall have been thrown open and party is circulating from one to the other.

FLASHES of dancing, love-making, fighting, drinking, laughing, yelling, screaming, crying.



CLOSEUP of Eastern author weaving in front of mirror and haranguing himself as he gestures uncertainly with slopping highball.

AUTHOR: Look'it yu! Whatchu doin' here in thish monkey cagsh, thish inellekshule shrility. (*Takes deep drink spilling most of it—then speaks to himself in glass tenderly.*) Yu mush write book 'bout all thish—all thesh shilly peeble. (*Sags forward, rests elbows on dresser and looks at himself with new interest, makes faces at himself.*) Yesh, you've got fine forred. Whoor yu? Where yu come from? Where yu goin' huh?—thash big big big shought. Thesh shilly peeble don't shink—mush exposh 'em—flay 'em—shkurriate 'em—shilly foolsh. (*Head droops in arms, falls asleep.*)

We CUT to group in Dixie's apartment including Dixie, Buelow, Chiquita and Mickey. The rest of the party has mysteriously disappeared into the other apartments.

DIXIE: But I oughtn't to leave my own party.

MICKEY. Come on! They've left you already. They don't even know you're here; by this time they don't even know whose party it is.

DIXIE. But I never saw a party grow like this!

BUELOW: That is Hollywood. Parties just go on joining up with other parties as long as they can find one. I started out with a little dinner party of six one night and wound up at five o'clock in the morning with two hundred and fifty. You'll

like the one I'm going to take you to now.

DIXIE: Where is it?

BUELOW: Down at my beach house.

DIXIE: We won't be gone long, will we?

MICKEY: You should worry! This party will be going on until morning—it's only one o'clock.

BUELOW: We'll go in my car—I'll go find the chauffeur. Come on Chiquita.

DIXIE: Oh look Mickey! There's Hedda Natchova. Hello there, when did you come? I'm so glad!

HEDDA: I had a little party at my house but somebody called up from here and said we were all invited over. That was sweet of you.

DIXIE (*recovering quickly*): Oh, sure, sure!

MICKEY: Come on Dixie, we've gotta go.

DIXIE (*to Hedda*): 'Bye! I'm going out with Fritz Buelow, but I'll be back soon. Make yourself at home. The party's all over the building, but they'll be trooping back here. You won't be lonely.

HEDDA: I've got the blues tonight, Dixie. Parties always give me the blues.

DIXIE (*throws her arms around Hedda and kisses her impulsively*): Ah, don't be blue, Hedda. Cheer up! I'll see you soon. 'Bye. Hey Mickey, wait for baby! (*Goes out leaving Hedda alone in apartment. Hedda walks over to the window, and is standing there looking out over the city as we Fade Out.*)

FADE IN bungalow on roof of Dixie's apartment

building. Most of the party have joined another party up there. Huge living room. Everyone sitting in circle around room. The host, Charley Williams, famous director, has just succeeded in quieting down all the guests and is finishing instructions to them for a new game he has invented.

WILLIAMS: Now remember, the whole success of this depends upon you being absolutely quiet, sitting perfectly still and not making a sound. In a few moments, the lights will go out and when they come on again, well, you will see something.

VOICES: What? What will we see?

WILLIAMS: Never mind. You'll be surprised. Yes indeedy.

We CUT TO bedroom, in wing of bungalow and discover Jack Milton and two other men in evening dress.

FIRST MAN (*taking off coat, tie and collar*): Come on, let's join the party, we're late as it is.

SECOND MAN (*removing coat and vest and taking off his shoes*): Come on, Milton, get ready!

MILTON (*frankly puzzled*): What are you doing? What's the idea?

FIRST MAN (*now in shirt sleeves taking off shirt*): Well you can't go down to the party like that all dressed. We told you we were going to take you to a real Hollywood party, didn't we?

MILTON (*aghast*): But my God man, you don't mean . . .

SECOND MAN (*pulling off trousers*): Certainly! You don't think you're going in there with your clothes on do you? Why, they'll think you're crazy.

FIRST MAN: Sure, this is a real party. Everyone in their B.V.D.'s.

MILTON (*incredulous*): The girls too?

SECOND MAN: Listen to him! I thought you came from New York? You sound more like Kenosha. Hurry up, take 'em off!

MILTON (*gingerly removing coat*): But listen, I never did anything like this before.

FIRST MAN (*in his B.V.D.'s carefully adjusting top hat*): There's lots of things you'll do out here you never did before. We're not asking you to do anything we wouldn't do ourselves are we?

MILTON (*taking off shirt*): That's right too. Well, I'll try anything once.

SECOND MAN (*also in B.V.D.'s and top hat*): That's the spirit. Stick with us and you'll have something to tell them back home. This is going to be some party.

MILTON (*woozily*): Well, I must have a lot of liquor aboard to be doing this.

FIRST MAN (*handing him flask*): You'd better take on some more if you're going to feel bad about it. (*Milton takes long pull from flask, knock is heard on door.*)

VOICE (*outside*): Hey, hurry up, will you!

FIRST MAN (*putting MILTON's topper on him and taking him by the arm*): Coming!

SECOND MAN (*taking other arm*): We'll walk in with you if you feel you need our moral support. Let's go! (*They open door and step out into dimly lighted hall.*)

We CUT BACK to Dixie's apartment. Hedda Natchova is discovered still standing forlornly at the window. Jimmy Doyle dashes in with his hat and coat on.

JIMMY (*breathlessly*): Hello. Where's Dixie? Have you seen Dixie anywhere? Where's everybody?

HEDDA: Why, I don't know. They're all over the building.

JIMMY: Where could I find Dixie. I've been trying to get her all evening.

HEDDA: Let me think! I haven't seen her for quite a while. She was going out with somebody—with er—let me see—who was it—let me think now.

JIMMY (*suspiciously*): Who? Where?

HEDDA: Oh, I know now. She told me she was going somewhere with Fritz Buelow.

JIMMY: Oh Buelow! That dirty dog! Where did they go?

HEDDA: I don't know. She said she'd be back in just a little while. Maybe she's with the rest of the party somewhere in the building.

JIMMY: But what did she go away for? Why did she leave her own party?

HEDDA (*wearily*): I don't know. Why does any-

body do anything? Why does anybody care what anybody does?

JIMMY (*stormily*): Well, I care!

HEDDA: It won't do you any good. Go and look for her. Maybe you'll find her and maybe you won't, and if you're wise it won't make any difference. Wait a minute. Bring me a drink before you go, will you? You'll find it in the kitchenette. (*As Jimmy enters kitchenette he stands appalled by litter of empty bottles, soiled dishes and cigarette butts.*)

We DISSOLVE into hallway just outside door of Charley Williams' living room in roof bungalow. Milton and his two friends all in their B.V.D.'s and top hats have paused just before opening door.

FIRST MAN: Here we are, come on, let's go in!

MILTON (*with bravado*): All right, let's go! (*Second Man opens door and together with his friend they push Milton into darkened living room, snap on the light and close door quickly after him. Milton suddenly finds himself blinking in the middle of a brilliantly-lighted living room. All around him seated and standing are the other guests fully clothed. They regard this sudden apparition in underwear and silk hat in one petrified second of silence and then before Milton has a chance to take the situation in completely, there is a tremendous guffaw of raucous laughter. Shrieking hysterical guests crowd around the poor playboy from the East as he struggles desperately to get to the door.*)

*He finally makes it and flees across the roof and dives down the first stairway which brings him to the landing in front of Dixie's open door. He ducks in, pursued by all the guests, dashes into bathroom, slams door shut and locks it from inside.)*

The crowd is baying outside the door like a pack of foxhounds when Williams appears on scene, together with Milton's two friends in their bathrobes. They succeed in coaxing Milton out of bathroom and getting most of the crowd to come back upstairs, all but a few of Dixie's original party, who have wandered into the kitchenette and busied themselves with the remains of the liquor.

Hedda has remained gloomily aloof from the excitement—party jokes are an old story to her.

We hear voices laughing and talking in kitchenette, then Jimmy's voice.

JIMMY: Anyone seen Dixie upstairs?

GIRL. Didn't you know—Buelow's got her down in his beach house. Told her there was another party there. Ha! Ha!

SECOND GIRL: Well, if there wasn't there will be. That Buelow guy works fast. Hey Jimmy! Where you going?

JIMMY (*dashing out door*): I'll kill the son of a—

GIRL (*going back to kitchenette*): Okay, big boy. (*Sees Hedda at window.*) Come on, Hedda, have a drink!

HEDDA: No, I've had enough for one night. I'm through.

GIRL (*gaily*): Okay grandma. (*Goes into kitchenette.*)

SECOND GIRL (*voice*): Let her alone, Joan. The old girl has got the yips.

THIRD GIRL (*voice*): They ought to have a home for these old dames instead of letting them run around to parties like a lot of wet blankets.

MAN'S VOICE: Aw, Hedda's all right. Boy, what a knockout she used to be.

SECOND GIRL (*laughing shrilling*): Used to be, is good. Well, I hope when I'm through I'll have sense enough to know it. Mud in your eye!

THIRD GIRL: Here's to hell! May the stay there be as gay as the way there.

CAMERA TRUCKS UP slowly to Hedda and registers her reactions to above conversation as she overhears it. We see her lips move and hear her repeating, brokenly:

HEDDA: Used to be, what a knockout I used to be. (*Gazes out window. The distant electric sign comes closer, growing larger, spelling out HEDDA NATCHOVA. Closer, larger, and out of the darkness blooms the glowing facade of a theatre, with HEDDA NATCHOVA flashing over it in the sky. Huge colored spotlights are playing on the building and against the clouds. Red plush ropes hold back the crowd waiting for her arrival. It is a grand*



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*premier night. She steps out of her limousine, a voice cries HEDDA NATCHOVA, and the crowd takes up her name with a roar of welcome . . .)*

Hedda is standing on the windowsill lost in the vision of her former greatness. The French windows open softly as she smiles and waves to her admirers. Radiant and happy she steps forward to greet them. The vision vanishes. She screams as the sidewalk rushes up to meet her with tremendous speed.

A flash of red—blood red.

Then black.

FIRST GIRL (*enters from kitchenette and holds out extra highball*): Come on, Hedda. It'll do you good. (*Sees open window and stops. Screams.*) Hedda, Hedda! (*The rest of the party tumble out of kitchenette. All rush to window and look down. Ten stories below they see something on the sidewalk, something dark and shapeless, something terrible and still. SLOW FADE OUT.*)

## X

(From the N. Y. Evening Tab—NOON EDITION—Nov. 15, 1928)

### **HEDDA NATCHOVA DIES IN HOLLYWOOD ORGY**

(Story on Page 2.)

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(From the N. Y. Evening Tab—3 O'CLOCK EDITION—Nov. 15,  
1928)

### **AGED SHEIK STEALS RABBIT GLANDS**

(Story on Page 2.)

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### **NATCHOVA DEAD IN HOLLYWOOD!**

(Story on Page 5.)

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(From the N. Y. Evening Tab—5 O'CLOCK EDITION—Nov. 15,  
1928)

### **SIAMESE TWINS ELOPE!**

(Story on Page 2.)

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### **SHEIK STEALS GLANDS.**

(Story on Page 5.)

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### **EX-MOVIE STAR DEAD.**

(Story on Page 28.)

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| POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                           |  |              |  |                |  |                |  |              |  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |          |  |    |  |      |  |         |  |               |  |
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| CLASS OF SERVICE REQUIRED                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |                           |  |              |  |                |  |                |  |              |  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |          |  |    |  |      |  |         |  |               |  |
| Day Telegram                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                           |  |              |  |                |  |                |  |              |  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |          |  |    |  |      |  |         |  |               |  |
| Night Telegram                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                           |  |              |  |                |  |                |  |              |  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |          |  |    |  |      |  |         |  |               |  |
| Money Telegram                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                           |  |              |  |                |  |                |  |              |  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |          |  |    |  |      |  |         |  |               |  |
| Money Letter                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                           |  |              |  |                |  |                |  |              |  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |          |  |    |  |      |  |         |  |               |  |
| TELEGRAM                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                           |  |              |  |                |  |                |  |              |  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |          |  |    |  |      |  |         |  |               |  |
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| MESSAGE                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                           |  |              |  |                |  |                |  |              |  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |          |  |    |  |      |  |         |  |               |  |
| STANDARD TIME                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                           |  |              |  |                |  |                |  |              |  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |          |  |    |  |      |  |         |  |               |  |

NOV. 15TH

NA462 15 HOLLYWOOD CALIF 15 1102A

NITA DUGAN

439 FLATBUSH AVE

BROOKLYN NEW YORK

IN TERRIBLE SCRAPE STOP GOING TO BE  
MARRIED STOP CAN YOU COME STOP LETTER  
FOLLOWING

DIXIE

| POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                           |  |              |  |                |  |                |  |              |  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |          |  |    |  |      |  |         |  |               |  |
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| CLASS OF SERVICE REQUIRED                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |                           |  |              |  |                |  |                |  |              |  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |          |  |    |  |      |  |         |  |               |  |
| Day Telegram                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                           |  |              |  |                |  |                |  |              |  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |          |  |    |  |      |  |         |  |               |  |
| Night Telegram                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                           |  |              |  |                |  |                |  |              |  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |          |  |    |  |      |  |         |  |               |  |
| Money Telegram                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                           |  |              |  |                |  |                |  |              |  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |          |  |    |  |      |  |         |  |               |  |
| Money Letter                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                           |  |              |  |                |  |                |  |              |  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |          |  |    |  |      |  |         |  |               |  |
| TELEGRAM                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                           |  |              |  |                |  |                |  |              |  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |          |  |    |  |      |  |         |  |               |  |
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| MESSAGE                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                           |  |              |  |                |  |                |  |              |  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |          |  |    |  |      |  |         |  |               |  |
| STANDARD TIME                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                           |  |              |  |                |  |                |  |              |  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |          |  |    |  |      |  |         |  |               |  |

NOV. 15TH

SD533 4 BROOKLYN N Y 15 106P

DIXIE DUGAN

1842 NO. LA BREA AVE

HOLLYWOOD CALIF

ARE YOU CRAZY

NITA

| POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |  |
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| <div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> <div style="width: 30%;"> <p><b>CLASS OF SERVICE REQUIRED</b></p> <p>Pay Telegram <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>Day Letter <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>Night Telegram <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>Night Letter <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p><small>No order need not be signed by sender or receiver unless otherwise indicated in a new telegram.</small></p> </div> <div style="width: 40%; text-align: center;"> <p><b>TELEGRAM</b></p> <p>GRAMS TO ALL THE WORLD</p> </div> <div style="width: 30%;"> <p><b>CABLEGRAM</b></p> <p>GRAMS TO ALL THE WORLD</p> </div> </div> |  |
| <p>TO: _____</p> <p>FROM: _____</p> <p>STANDARD TIME _____</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |  |

NOV. 15TH

NA396 5 HOLLYWOOD CALIF 15 446P

NITA DUGAN

439 FLATBUSH AVE

BROOKLYN NEW YORK

CRAZY AS A JUNE BUG

DIXIE

November 15th.

DARLING NITA:

You've heard about Natchova. Sending you local clippings. I was having a party and she came and I went away and while I was gone she either fell or jumped out the window. Ten stories. I didn't know anything about it till I got back to my place around dawn. I was having troubles of my own. Plenty of them. I don't know if I can tell it to you straight or not. But here goes!

I wrote you about Jimmy suggesting a party for the local gossip-writers. He loaned me the money and pulled strings to get them to accept. Well it was a big success. Those who didn't come direct to the party came from the parties they were out on and brought the parties along. Those who came

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got on the phone and invited others. I have one room and a kitchenette but everybody there knew everybody in the building and pretty soon all the other apartments were opened up and the party was all over the house. They came from all over Hollywood. Cars were parked all around the block. Everybody was there, it seemed to me, except the one I wanted. Jimmy never showed up. Not till long after, but that part of the story comes later.

Around one o'clock or so Fritz Buelow, the director, who came with Chiquita and Mickey O'Keefe, the song writer, invited me to drop in on another party down at his beach house in Santa Monica. I was feeling full of the devil and couldn't see any harm in it. Besides, my party was going so well, they'd never miss me. Most of them didn't even know it was my party and didn't care. So I went with Mickey and Buelow and Chiquita. Just as I was leaving, I saw Hedda Natchova. She was standing over by the window, the same one she fell out of or jumped out of. She was having the blues and I remember throwing my arms around her and kissing her just before I went out, telling her to cheer up I'd see her soon. Gee, she was a peach, Nita. Sweet, and so sad. She'd been such a big star in her day and somehow it had all gone by her. Well, I hope she's happy now, God love her.

Anyway, I got into Buelow's car and we drove miles and miles to his place down on Santa Monica beach. When I got there he let us in and I noticed

it was all dark and I says to him where's the party, and he says oh they're around here somewhere. We'll look for them as soon as we've had something to drink and I says well I don't know how you feel about it, but I've had enough and that goes for Mickey too. Mickey was wall-eyed by this time, but he came to long enough to object. He held on to the table and declared I got too much, I always get too much but never enough, and with that he smiled a beautiful smile and fell over in a heap, so I held up his head while Chiquita got a pillow from the divan and put it under him and then Buelow says to me, come on, we'll get him something to revive him, so I goes along with Buelow, not thinking anything. The house was all dark except the living room and he was snapping on the lights as he went along. Then we came to a room and we went in and I expected him to put on the light, but instead of that he closed the door behind us and then grabbed me. I tried to hold him off but it was like fighting a gorilla, he was so strong. I bit and kicked and scratched and called him every name I could think of. Finally he clamped one paw around my throat, held me against the wall and with the other started ripping my clothes off. All the time he kept saying you thought you were going to be cute and out-fox me, didn't you. Well, I always get anything I go after and I've been after you ever since I saw you in New York.

What happened after that is all mixed up. I know

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his voice began to sound away off and then the light went on all of a sudden and Chiquita was there tearing at Buelow's face with her finger nails. She must have heard me scream, and she's a jealous wildcat anyway. I slipped out while they were going to it and ran out of the house without my coat or hat, and my clothes in rags. You've never been out here Nita so you can't imagine where you are when you are at Santa Monica beach at 2.30 in the morning without a car, or a taxi, or a street car for miles. I climbed up to the top of the palisades and started to hoof it in the general direction of Hollywood. Well, I nearly died! Finally I got to a car line and discovered the next car to Hollywood didn't leave till around 4.30 so there was nothing to do but wait for it and I got home around 5.30, came up to my apartment and who should be sitting there waiting for me big as life in the middle of the most God-awful mess of empty bottles and over-turned chairs and cigarette butts—none other but Jimmy!

Well Nita, all the fights we ever had before were nothing compared to this one. He said he knew where I'd been all night and who I'd been with, said he always suspected Buelow and me from the very beginning in New York, and now he was sure I was this and that and worse. Said he waited there all night just to tell me what he thought of me and that he never wanted to see me again, then out he went, slamming the door behind him. I was so sick and stunned I couldn't even say yes, no, how do you

do, go to hell or anything. I just pulled down the bed, threw myself on it and passed right out of the picture.

When I came to, the room was full of police and reporters and photographers and it wasn't until then that I learned my party had wound up with Natchova's death. They kept asking me how it happened and I told them I didn't know, I wasn't there, and they said this is your apartment isn't it, and I said yes. And it was your party too, wasn't it, and I said well, it started out that way, but I went away and didn't get back until morning, and I don't know what happened while I was gone. And they said well, sometime around three o'clock that morning Hedda Natchova was found dead on the sidewalk under that window and she either fell or jumped out. Some say one thing, some say another. Did you see her at the party and I said sure. Did she seem happy or depressed, and then I thought right away well if I tell the truth and say she had the blues they'll say she committed suicide, so I said she was gay—everybody was gay—it was a helluva party, and one of the cops says I can see that. So then they talked some more and went around snapping photographs and then who should come in—Nita, you'll die!

It was Jack Milton. I looked at him for a moment and said well, if it isn't Jack Milton I'm going to stop drinking. What are you doing here, and he says wait a minute Dixie, and he gets the photog-



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raphers and cops and reporters out and shuts the door and looks all around and says well, are you surprised to see me? And I don't know what it was but all of a sudden it seemed so good to see somebody from home that wasn't mad at me I just threw my arms around his neck and started to cry and he kissed me and patted me on the back and says, come on, you'll be all right, I read all about it in the paper this morning and as soon as I saw your name mixed up in it I came running. But the funniest thing is that I was here last night and didn't know it. I says where, and he says right here, or rather in that bathroom. And in my B.V.D.'s, believe it or not. I didn't know it was your apartment. So then he told me he was at a party upstairs and some friends played a trick on him, told him everybody was going to be in their underwear and got him to strip down to his B.V.D.'s, pushed him into the dark living room, snapped on the light and left him there in the middle of a crowd of guests all seated around the room in immaculate evening dress. As soon as he got his breath he dashed out of the room, across the roof and down the stairs and ducked into my apartment because that was the only open door he saw. The guests all tumbled down after him and finally coaxed him out of my bathroom. All this happened while I was fighting my way out of Buelow's house and just a little while after that Natchova jumped or fell and the party broke up with the women screaming down the streets and the men trying to catch them

and herd them into their cars to get them home. When the police came there was hardly anybody left, and no one who knew anything about anything.

So then I told him about Buelow and he asked me about my work and I told him I couldn't get anywhere and he asked me if I had any money and I told him no, and then he took me by the shoulders, shook me a little and said look here, you know I've always liked you and I know you don't care very much for me, but I like you enough for both of us. Why don't you quit all this nonsense, come back to New York and marry me and we can be as happy as a couple of bugs in a rug. Then I thought to myself why not. I haven't any job, I haven't any Jimmy, I haven't any money, I haven't any prospects and I'm just plain licked, just going down for the third time in the middle of the ocean and along comes the Leviathan and the captain says you can have either a lift or if you prefer you can have the boat. What am I supposed to say? To hell with you and your boat, this is my party and I want to sink?

Well Nita, all this went through my head just like scat. Here's Jack Milton, filthy with money, overflowing with love, begging me to take him and here am I, nobody with nothing in the middle of nowhere. So I says all right Jack, you can have it your way. I'm not going to tell you I'm crazy about you but I do like you a lot and I'll be good to you and on the level and don't expect miracles. Well, he nearly broke my ribs and when I got my breath I said

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there's only one thing I'm going to hold out for. I'm not going to leave this town licked. I want just one chance at this movie racket. I've worked and ached for it and I deserve it and if you can help me get it you can have all the rest of me all the rest of the time. So Jack says if I can help you! Don't you know what I'm doing out here? And I says running around to parties in your underwear aren't you? And he says, oh that was just a lark but my business I mean, and I says how would I know; something to do with money I'll bet. And he says well it's confidential but we aren't going to have any secrets from each other from now on, so this is it. I'm out here representing a syndicate of Wall Street bankers and as soon as I report back to them we're going to merge all the big companies out here and me and my gang will run the works. I can get you anything you want out here, that's all I can do for you. Give you a studio if you want it. Close it up if you say so. Hire anybody you like, fire anybody you don't like. Aside from that, I can't do a thing for you—except love you to death.

And I says, all right Jack, that'll come later. You do your part and I'll do mine—and then we'll do ours. And—and—well that's all Nita. Wishing you the same.

Your delirious sister,  
DIXIE.

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(From the N. Y. World—Nov. 22nd, 1928)

**MONSTER MOVIE MERGER**

**Wall Street Banks Create Cosmic  
Films Inc. To Absorb Fox, Loew,  
Warner Bros., United Artists,  
Famous and Colossal.**

**JOHN MILTON HEADS EXECUTIVE  
BOARD.**



NOV. 23RD

SA298 50 NEW YORK 23 1053A  
COLOSSAL FILMS SUBSIDIARY  
COSMIC FILMS INC

HOLLYWOOD CALIF

STOP ALL WORK SINNING LOVERS JUNK SI-  
LENT VERSION START PREPARING IMMEDI-  
ATELY SINGING TALKING DANCING VERSION  
TYPE BROADWAY MELODY STOP LOCATE DIXIE  
DUGAN SENT OUT THERE ON EASTERN CON-  
TRACT CAST HER IN LEADING ROLE AND SUP-  
PLY HER WITH SUPERLATIVE SUPPORTING  
CAST STOP MUST START SHOOTING WITHIN  
THIRTY DAYS STOP WIRE CONFIRMATION

EXECUTIVE BOARD COSMIC FILMS INC

JOHN MILTON CHAIRMAN

| POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |                                                                                                           |
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| <p>CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED</p> <p>Day Telegram <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>Day Letter <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>Night Telegram <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>Night Letter <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>We cannot send work in 15 minutes for day or night service unless otherwise the telegram will be transmitted as a day telegram.</p> | <p>TELEGRAM</p> <p>TELEGRAMS TO ALL COUNTRIES</p> <p>CABLEGRAMS TO ALL COUNTRIES</p> <p>STANDARD TIME</p> |

NOV. 23RD

NC592 39 HOLLYWOOD CALIF 23 315P

JOHN MILTON

COSMIC FILMS INC

1 WALL STREET

NEW YORK CITY

WE HAVE THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS  
SUNK NOW IN SINNING LOVERS BELIEVE WE  
SHOULD SALVAGE RATHER THAN SACRIFICE  
STOP DO NOT AGREE WITH YOU THAT DIXIE  
DUGAN HAS SUFFICIENT EXPERIENCE TO  
CARRY LEADING ROLE IN REVISED PRODUC-  
TION PLEASE ADVISE

MAX SHAMUS

| POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |                                                                                                           |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED</p> <p>Day Telegram <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>Day Letter <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>Night Telegram <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>Night Letter <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>We cannot send work in 15 minutes for day or night service unless otherwise the telegram will be transmitted as a day telegram.</p> | <p>TELEGRAM</p> <p>TELEGRAMS TO ALL COUNTRIES</p> <p>CABLEGRAMS TO ALL COUNTRIES</p> <p>STANDARD TIME</p> |

NOV. 24TH

SA432 19 NEW YORK 24 1105A

MAX SHAMUS

COLOSSAL FILMS SUBSIDIARY

COSMIC FILMS INC

HOLLYWOOD CALIF

YOU ARE RELIEVED OF FURTHER DUTIES AND  
RESPONSIBILITIES AS OF DATE STOP RE-

PORT IN PERSON EASTERN OFFICE AT ONCE  
MILTON



NOV. 25TH

NC356 51 HOLLYWOOD CALIF 1205P

JOHN MILTON

COSMIC FILMS INC

1 WALL STREET

NEW YORK CITY

HAVE JUST SEEN TEST OF DIXIE DUGAN CON-  
GRATULATE YOU ON YOUR CHOICE BELIEVE  
SHE IS REAL FIND AND AM ENTHUSIASTIC  
OVER YOUR PROPOSAL TO MAKE SINNING  
LOVERS THE GREATEST SINGING DANCING  
TALKING PICTURE EVER MADE WOULD LIKE  
TO START IMMEDIATELY REHEARSING MISS  
DUGAN AND ASSEMBLING SUPPORTING CAST  
HAVE I YOUR OKAY

SOL NEBBICK



NOV. 25TH

SB672 8 NEW YORK 25 426P  
 SOL NEBBICK  
 COLOSSAL FILMS SUBSIDIARY  
 COSMIC FILMS INC

HOLLYWOOD CALIF  
 ASSUME CHARGE IMMEDIATELY DIXIE DUGAN  
 PRODUCTION SINNING LOVERS

MILTON

(From The Hollywood Daily Screen World—Nov. 25th, 1928.)

### DIXIE DUGAN WINS COLOSSAL PRIZE

by Lola Krunch.

Isn't it the irony of fate that just when Colossal had decided to cast poor Hedda Natchova in the leading role of "Sinning Lovers" that the Grim Reaper should touch her with his grisly hand? But it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Yesterday out of the Colossal offices came the startling announcement that "Sinning Lovers" would be made into the greatest Singing, Dancing and Talking picture of the century and although every girl in Hollywood has been considered for the coveted role, Sol Nebbick, the young producing

genius of Colossal, after exhaustive tests, has selected little Dixie Dugan to star in this new epic. Dixie Dugan came out here three months ago and bided her time. Wise little girl. Well she knew that by refusing inferior roles she would make herself all the more desirable.

Congratulations Dixie! Congratulations Colossal! And congratulations to you, Sol Nebbick, whose infallible sense of showmanship has again led you to choose the right girl for the right role. And congratulations to the industry which again has

proven to the carping critics and the sneering cynics that true ability will always find its just reward out here in Hollywood, the real land of opportunity.

Who will write and direct the new version of "Sinning Lovers"? I don't know, but Fritz Buelow who began the picture is no longer with Colossal. In fact, one little bird told me that in some mysterious way he incurred the displeasure of the Big Boogeymans in Wall Street and would not be allowed to direct another picture on the Colossal lot, but I have heard too that Buelow is not in sympathy with these mergers. He feels they are crushing the individual genius of such men as himself, and is planning to produce independently.

Max Shamus, who was in charge of the production of the picture, has been called east on an important conference relative to the 1929 production program under the new merger. His friends confidently predict he will return in a more im-

portant capacity than ever.

A number of writers have been spoken of as working on the preparation of the new version since James Doyle, the New York playwright, who wrote and produced Dixie Dugan's Broadway success, "Get Your Girl," is no longer connected with Colossal. Differences between Dixie Dugan, the new star, and Doyle who was working on the picture are said to have resulted in a complete break with Doyle refusing to have anything further to do with the story. Doyle has a number of offers from eastern producers to return to New York and write musical comedies there and is expected to shake the dust of Hollywood any day now.

Well well, they come and go, but Hollywood, fair beautiful Hollywood, remains as bright and gay and hospitable as ever with arms ever open to those with the courage and the talent and the pluck to fight the good fight for glory and riches and everlasting fame.

---

November 26th, 1928.

DEAR DIXIE:

I am going back to New York tomorrow night, but before I go I want to see you if only for a minute to apologize and beg your forgiveness for all the rotten things I said to you the other day. I might have known that none of them were true but I was so crazy jealous. Met O'Keefe and he told me all



---

about what happened at Buelow's that night. I can't blame you if you refuse to see me and never speak to me again, but I won't be happy until you know how low and contemptible I feel about it, how abjectly sorry I am and how I long to see you just once more and tell you what I find it impossible to write.

I am glad you are going to get your opportunity with Colossal. They are wildly enthusiastic about you out there and are going to do everything to make your picture a tremendous success.

I suppose they told you I was writing it, but when I heard you were going to be in it I told them I would not have anything to do with anything you were in. You see, Dixie, I was still sore. Heart-broken too. I could not even work on the same lot and see you every day, so I just quit. I guess they would have fired me anyway. But you are going to be gorgeous in the picture. I know it, and you deserve all your good luck and more. You're the sweetest thing that ever lived and I am the lowest—but I'll be watching your success from New York and will be pulling for you every minute. Not that I can do anything for you except wish you luck. I've been a big flop out here and am going back a failure but I am honestly glad that, if one of us was to make good, it turned out to be you. There I go saying "us"—well, it used to be, didn't it? And nice, too!

Won't you see me just once, won't you please let

me tell you how sorry I am, won't you please let me hear you say you forgive me? Please, Dixie!

Just a bum,

JIMMY.

---

Nov. 27th.

DEAR DIARY:

I feel like the Siamese Twins when they are assigned a room with twin beds—completely baffled. Here I am engaged to one man and in love with another but mad at him—plenty mad. Maybe I'm not in love with him either. I am until I remember how rotten he treated me, then I don't care if I never see him again. I guess I'll write and tell him so. He's going back to New York tonight he says, and he wants to see me before he goes. Oh you do, do you? Well, Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy, you can rot first. I'm going to marry Jack Milton and I'll tell you so, too.

But how am I going to tell you if I don't see you? I guess I ought to see you just to watch how you take it. Won't you burn? Well, it'll serve you right. Still, it must have looked kinda queer to you at that, me ditching my own party, staying out with Buelow until daylight and coming in all rags and tatters. Guess you had a right to be sore, but you didn't have to talk to me that way. I don't have to take that kind of lip from anybody. Not even from you Jimmy Doyle, and I'll tell you so, too. I guess I'll

---

let you take me to dinner just so as I can tell you.

But maybe I'll weaken when I see him, Diary and then what'll I do—engaged to Milton and everything. You better let well enough alone Miss Dugan. Gee, but it couldn't do any harm to see him just once more, could it, Diary? I'll just eat and run and he'll get on the train and that'll be that. I won't even go to the train with him, Diary. Come to think of it, I couldn't anyway. Jack is telephoning me from New York tonight. He calls me every night now since he got back. Checking up on me I guess. Now was that pretty, Dixie? It's your own dirty mind.

Will I telephone and tell him he can take me to dinner? The phone is right here, Diary. Look, all I have to do is reach out and pick it up. I really ought to see him, Diary. He wrote such a sweet letter. He's really sorry, terribly sorry. And he hasn't any job and he's going to New York feeling he's a big flop and this is the end of everything. Maybe he'll think I'm just high-hatting him if I don't see him. I wouldn't have him think that for anything, Diary. Yes, that's just what he'll think. I guess I better see him, Diary. Don't you think so too? Sure, what harm can it do? It can't do any harm. Well, here goes—and if anything *does* happen, it's your fault, Diary. Remember that. I talked it all over with you and you said it was all right, or at least you didn't say it wasn't. Did you? No, you didn't. . . . I'll tell you all about it tomorrow.

SCENE: *Willard Café on Pico Boulevard. A honeycomb of tiny booths, each cell just large enough for two to snuggle in. Through the windows they look down upon a rolling sea of twinkling lights. Hollywood! Above the clatter of dishes and the bumble bumble of voices a radio loud-speaker, pleasantly ignored, drools and cackles with the idiotic insistence of a half-witted relative at a family dinner.*

JIMMY (*in tiny booth just under loud speaker*): I'll order later. I'm waiting for someone.

WAITER (*hovering*): The dinner is very nice tonight.

JIMMY: I can wait for it.

(*Waiter floats away leaving an aroma of hurt pride.*)

. . . MY DEAR FRIENDS OF RADIO LAND REMEMBER FOREST LAWN IS A PLACE WHERE LOVERS NEW AND OLD SHALL LOVE TO STROLL AND WATCH THE SUNSET'S GLOW WHERE MEMORIALIZATION OF LOVED ONES IN SCULPTURED MARBLE AND PICTORIAL GLASS SHALL BE ENCOURAGED BUT CONTROLLED BY ACKNOWLEDGED ARTISTS NICHEs AND URNS VARY IN PRICE ACCORDING TO SIZE AND LOCATION AND EVERY PRICE INCLUDES PERPETUAL CARE MISS ETHEL WOCKLE WILL NOW SING BUTTON UP YOUR OVERCOAT.

*Button up your overcoat  
When the wind is free*

---

*Take good care of yourself  
You belong to me  
Eat an apple every day . . .*

DIXIE (*brightly*) : Oh hello, been waiting long?

JIMMY (*lying like a gentleman*) : Oh no, I just got here.

DIXIE (*lying like a lady*) : I was tied up at the studio.

JIMMY : Oh, that's all right.

*Be careful crossing streets  
Oooh-oooh  
Don't eat meats  
Oooh-oooh*

JIMMY (*politely*) : What are you going to have?

DIXIE (*studying menu helplessly*) : I dunno. What are you going to have?

JIMMY (*ditto*) : I dunno. Now let me see . . .

DIXIE : Let me see . . .

*. . . And ruin your tum tum  
Keep away from bootleg hootch  
When you're on a spree  
Take good care of yourself  
You belong to me.*

IN MAKING THOUGHTFUL PROVISION FOR THE  
SELECTION OF A FINAL RESTING PLACE WHICH

SOONER OR LATER MUST BE CHOSEN NO ONE NEED INCONVENIENCE HIMSELF FINANCIALLY BY MEANS OF THE FOREST LAWN PLAN OF MONTHLY PAYMENTS FAMILY LOTS SECTIONS IN THE MAUSOLEUM OR NICHES FOR THE ASHES OF THOSE WHO PREFER CREMATION MAY BE RESERVED AND PAID FOR OUT OF INCOME REPRESENTATIVES ARE ALWAYS READY TO GIVE DETAILED INFORMATION AND. . .

WAITER: Is that all?

JIMMY: That'll be all.

WAITER (*in hurt voice*): No dessert? The deep-dish apple pie is very good.

JIMMY: THAT'LL BE ALL.

(*Waiter shudders and then sadly totters away.*)

JIMMY: I wanted to see you, Dixie, before I left the coast. I'm going back to New York, you know.

DIXIE: Yes, you wrote and told me.

JIMMY: I was going tonight, but when you called and said you'd have dinner with me, I postponed it until tomorrow night. I wanted to tell you how sorry I was, but . . .

DIXIE: Oh, that's all right.

JIMMY: Are you going to forgive me?

DIXIE: I suppose so.

JIMMY (*impulsively taking her hand across the table*): Gee, that's sweet of you, Dixie. Gee, and I was so rotten to you, too.

DIXIE: Oh, that's all right. We'll just wash it up and forget it.

JIMMY (*drawing her across table*): Let's have a kiss then.

DIXIE (*disengaging hands gently but firmly*): No, that's cold.

JIMMY: Cold? how do you mean?

DIXIE: I mean finis. Capoot.

JIMMY (*incredulous*): Quit your clowning.

DIXIE: No, Jimmy. This is the fade out.

JIMMY: But you said you forgave me.

DIXIE: I do, Jimmy, but the rest of it is—well, it's just finished.

JIMMY: Ah Dixie, you can't mean that.

DIXIE (*taking a big breath and jumping off the dock*): You might just as well know it now, Jimmy, I'm going to be married.

JIMMY: Sure you are—to me.

DIXIE: No, not to you. (*Smiling sadly.*) Not this time anyway.

JIMMY (*angrily*): Who to? To who?

DIXIE: Jack Milton. He came out here on a big deal and I saw him and . . .

I AM THE SPIRIT OF FOREST LAWN I SPEAK IN THE  
LAUGHTER OF THE DUCK BABY HAPPY CHILDHOOD  
AT PLAY I SPEAK IN THE CONSUMMATE ART OF  
THE MAUSOLEUM COLUMBARIUM WHERE LIGHT AND  
LIFE REPLACE SHADOW AND DARKNESS I SPEAK IN

THE LOVING EYES AND EMBRACING ARMS AT BABYLAND TELLING OF BECKONING HANDS AT THE GATEWAY OF LIFE AND NOW WE WILL HEAR FROM MISS ETHEL WOCKLE AGAIN.

*A man showed me a lavalliere  
And he said it's yours if you kiss me dear  
Oh tell me—is there anything wrong in that?  
(Boop-id-oop-id-oop-boop)  
I kissed him once and he asked for more—  
Next week he's bringing me the jewelry store  
Oh tell me—is there anything wrong with that?*

DIXIE (*continuing*): So you see, that's how it is.

JIMMY (*dully*): Yes, I see. (*Pleading.*) But you don't love him, do you?

DIXIE: Of course I do. (*Looks into Jimmy's eyes and wavers.*) I mean yes. Sure. Well, I like him a lot, respect him and admire him.

JIMMY: And you don't like me any more? Not even a little bit, is that it?

DIXIE (*taking his hand across the table*): Oh Jimmy, don't keep on saying things like that. Of course I like you. I'll always like you. But everything is different now, that's all.

JIMMY (*pushing dishes back*): Well I'm glad I'm going to New York. I couldn't stay around here and see you every day and realize you belong to somebody else without committing murder or something.

DIXIE (*brokenly*): Jimmy! Listen Jimmy, you're not really going back to New York, are you—honest?



JIMMY: Of course I am. What'll I do out here? Ache for you all the time and have you saying "Mustn't touch! Burny, burny." Besides, I haven't got any job. I've got to live. And don't ask me why.

DIXIE: Oh, you can get a job out here. You've got more brains than nine tenths of these saps that are getting by out here with murder.

JIMMY (*bitterly*): Yes, I've heard that song before. I've sung it myself, but brains have very little to do with this racket out here. It's like juggling a barrel on your feet or pulling rabbits out of a hat. If you know how to work the trick you're a movie writer. If you can pull rabbits out of a hat while you're juggling the barrel on your feet, then you're a director or a supervisor. And if you can do both and get gas on your stomach at the same time you're an executive.

. . . THIS IS K.F.S.G. THE CHURCH OF THE AIR BROADCASTING FROM ANGELUS TEMPLE AIMEE SEMPLE MCPHERSON PASTOR THE ROBED CHOIR IS SINGING AND EVERY SEAT IN THIS HUGE TEMPLE IS FILLED WHILE HUNDREDS PACK THE AISLES AND THE ENTIRE MULTITUDE JOIN IN WELCOMING SISTER MCPHERSON WHO IS EVEN NOW WALKING DOWN THE LONG STAIRS TO THIS PLATFORM OF PRAYER ROBED IN HER WHITE GOWN AND CARRYING AN ARMFUL OF BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSES . . .

DIXIE: Gee, I saw Aimee once. Remember, I told you—when I was dancing in Jimmy Durante's night club?

JIMMY: I remember.

DIXIE: She was investigating Broadway night life with a bunch of reporters and had just come from Tex Guinan's. They'd make a good team—Tex and Aimee, the Whoopee Sisters in Ten Minutes of Clean Fun.

JIMMY: Yea, whoopee is Guinan's religion and religion is Aimee's whoopee. Listen, let's get the words.

*There's a long long trail awinding  
For all us sinners here below  
And its sweet and precious message  
Makes our sad hearts glow  
Oh it's not the broad broad highway  
To perdition and woe  
It's the straight and narrow pathway  
That we love to go.*

OH MY DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS THAT WAS BEAUTIFUL THAT WAS A GLORIOUS OUTPOURING OF THE SPIRIT AND NOW I AM GOING TO TELL YOU ABOUT A WONDERFUL THING THAT HAPPENED THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO TO A WONDERFUL MAN NAMED DANIEL OH HE WAS A WONDERFUL MAN HALLELUJAH YOU HAVE ALL HEARD OF DANIEL I WANT YOU TO THINK ABOUT DANIEL TONIGHT AND

---

I WANT YOU ALL BROTHERS AND SISTERS WHEREVER YOU ARE LISTENING IN TONIGHT ON THE RADIO I WANT YOU TO THINK OF DANIEL . . .

JIMMY: I know it's the best thing for you, Dixie. I'm not crazy. Look what Milton has done for you already. Why he's got them all jumping through hoops for you out there on the Colossal lot. I couldn't do anything like that for you in a million years.

DIXIE: Jimmy dear, stop rubbing it in.

JIMMY: I'm not rubbing it in, Dixie. I'm just telling you.

DIXIE: You're not telling me anything new.

JIMMY: And with what you've got and all of Milton's money and power behind you why you'll be on top of the heap in no time.

DIXIE (*suddenly*): I want to go home.

JIMMY: Now don't, honey, don't be like that.

DIXIE: Well, don't be like that yourself.

JIMMY: I'll be on the train this time tomorrow night.

DIXIE: Will you shut up for God's sake. Talk about something cheerful.

JIMMY (*bitterly*): Yeah, be cheerful. Leff klun leff!

DIXIE: You sound funny talking yiddish with that Kilkenny map for a face.

. . . YOU CAN IMAGINE HOW DANIEL MUST HAVE FELT A DEN OF LIONS IT SAYS HERE IN THE BOOK

AND YOU CAN BELIEVE ME THOSE WERE LIONS THEY HAD LIONS IN THOSE DAYS NONE OF THOSE PUNY LITTLE LIONS YOU SEE OUT AT GAYS LION FARM NONE OF THOSE MOVIE LIONS THEY HAVE OUT IN CULVER CITY YOU'VE SEEN THAT BIG LION ON THE METRO GOLDWYN TRADEMARK WELL HE WOULD BE JUST A CUB BESIDE THOSE LIONS THEY HAD IN JUDEA YOU COULD HEAR THEM ROAR FOR MILES AND THE HILLS TREMBLED POOR DANIEL I'M SORRY FOR DANIEL WHAT IS HE GOING TO DO IN THAT DEN FOR THERE IS NO WAY OUT LISTEN WHAT IT SAYS THEN THE KING COMMANDED HE DIDN'T ASK MIND YOU OR REQUEST OR SUGGEST NO SIR HE COMMANDED AND THEY BROUGHT DANIEL AND CAST HIM INTO THE DEN OF LIONS AND A STONE WAS BROUGHT AND LAID UPON THE MOUTH OF THE DEN AND THE KING SEALED IT WITH HIS OWN SIGNET AND WITH THE SIGNET OF HIS LORDS THAT THE PURPOSE MIGHT NOT BE CHANGED CONCERNING DANIEL THE KING WAS TAKING NO CHANCES IF HE HAD HAD A YALE LOCK HE WOULD HAVE PUT A YALE LOCK ON IT POOR DANIEL ALL ALONE ALL NIGHT WITH THOSE LIONS AH I CAN SEE YOU TREMBLE AND WITH MY MIND'S EYE I CAN SEE THOUSANDS OF MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS LISTENING IN TO MY WORDS TONIGHT AND TREMBLING FOR DANIEL I CAN HEAR THEM SAYING SISTER MCPHERSON TELL US TELL US QUICKLY WHAT HAPPENED TO POOR DANIEL WE HAVE TUNED OUT ALL THE JAZZ BANDS AND THE FRIVOLOUS THINGS OF THIS WORLD AND WE ARE

THINKING ONLY OF YOU AND YOUR BURNING MESSAGE BUT FIRST WE WILL HAVE A SONG ALTOGETHER AND THEN I WILL TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED TO DANIEL HALLELUJAH

*Yes sir here's salvation  
No sir don't mean maybe  
Yes sir here's salvation now  
Goodbye sin and sorrow  
Welcome bright tomorrow  
For we've got salvation now  
I believe I believe  
I have faith and never more will grieve  
Yes sir here's salvation  
No sir don't mean maybe  
Yes sir here's salvation now.*

JIMMY: I'm going to be thinking about you on that train Dixie. All the way back to New York, alone! Three long days, four long nights.

DIXIE: Jimmy . . . please!

JIMMY: And after I get back I'll be alone—going alone to all the places we used to go together, Jimmy Durante's, the Cotton Club, down to Barney's!

DIXIE (*feverishly*): Don't you think Jimmy Durante is the funniest man in the world? I just love him when he sings Down where the cows go woof woof and the little birdies ickle ickle and the little froggie yahckny yahckny.

JIMMY: And the Casino in the park where we used to sit afternoons and have tea and watch the rain outside. Oh God, Dixie, I'm going to miss you.

DIXIE (*crying*): I shouldn't have come. I shouldn't have seen you. I was a damn fool.

JIMMY (*crying*): Dixie! Darling!

WAITER (*suddenly from nowhere*): The deep-dish apple pie is very nice tonight, sir.

JIMMY: Get the hell out of here, will you?

WAITER (*plaintively*): Yes sir. (*Backs away in sorrowful defeat.*) Thank you, sir. . . .



29TH NOVEMBER

FB365 25 ALBUQUERQUE NM 835A

DIXIE DUGAN

1842 NO. LA BREA AVE

HOLLYWOOD CALIF

THE TRAINWHEELS WERE SINGING ALL NIGHT  
I WANTA BE LOVED BY YOU BY YOU BY YOU BY  
YOU BY YOU I WANTA BE LOVED BY YOU ALONE

JIMMY

| POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |  |
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| <div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> <div style="width: 30%;"> <p><b>CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED</b></p> <p>Day Telegram</p> <p>Day Letter</p> <p>Night Telegram</p> <p>Night Letter</p> <p><small>We cannot send part of a telegram or cable message during the night and the message will be transmitted as a day telegram.</small></p> </div> <div style="width: 40%; text-align: center;"> <h1>TELEGRAM</h1> <p>TELEGRAMS TO ALL COUNTRIES</p> <p>CABLES TO ALL THE WORLD</p> </div> <div style="width: 30%;"> <p><b>REMARKS</b></p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> </div> </div> |  |

30TH NOVEMBER

KC374 34 NEWTON KAN 745A

DIXIE DUGAN

1842 NO. LA BREA AVE

HOLLYWOOD CALIF

THE LITTLE CANARY DONT SING ANY MORE  
 THE FOLKS ASK ME WHY YOU DONT CALL AND  
 THE WHOLE HOUSE IS BLUE THEY WANT YOU  
 ONLY YOU BUT I MISS YOU MOST OF ALL

JIMMY

| POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |  |
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| <div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> <div style="width: 30%;"> <p><b>CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED</b></p> <p>Day Telegram</p> <p>Day Letter</p> <p>Night Telegram</p> <p>Night Letter</p> <p><small>We cannot send part of a telegram or cable message during the night and the message will be transmitted as a day telegram.</small></p> </div> <div style="width: 40%; text-align: center;"> <h1>TELEGRAM</h1> <p>TELEGRAMS TO ALL COUNTRIES</p> <p>CABLES TO ALL THE WORLD</p> </div> <div style="width: 30%;"> <p><b>REMARKS</b></p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> </div> </div> |  |

1ST DECEMBER

FB656 24 CHICAGO ILL 1102A

DIXIE DUGAN

1842 NO. LA BREA AVE

HOLLYWOOD CALIF

MAYBE YOU'RE BETTER OFF OUT THERE WHERE  
 YOU FAW DOWN AND GO BOOM HERE THEY GO  
 BOOM AND YOU FAW DOWN KEITH CIRCUIT  
 JOKE LEFF KLUN LEFF

JIMMY



1ST DECEMBER

SC278 9 HOLLYWOOD CALIF 412P

JIMMY DOYLE

EN ROUTE 20TH CENTURY EASTBOUND

LETS NOT CLOWN ANY MORE MY HEART IS  
BREAKING

DIXIE

NEW YORK CITY

December 3rd, 1928

DIXIE:

I won't clown any more. I've been sitting up here in my room for hours writing long letters to you and tearing them up. I was afraid you would think they were sappy or something. And then I thought of a poem by Carl Sandburg which I read a few years ago. I loved it then but never dreamed it could hit me as hard as it does now. I am copying it out for you. It will be the letter I cannot write.

*The sea rocks have a green moss.**The pine rocks have red berries.**I have memories of you . . .**Speak to me of how you miss me.**Tell me the hours go long and slow.*



---

*Speak to me of the drag on your heart,  
The iron drag of the long days.*

*I know hours empty as a beggar's tin cup on a  
rainy day, empty as a soldier's sleeve with an  
arm lost.*

*Speak to me— . . .*

JIMMY.

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## XII

HOLLYWOOD DAILY SCREEN WORLD  
PAGE FOUR THURSDAY, DEC. 20, 1928

### STUDIO SHOOTING SCHEDULE—REVISED DAILY

| STUDIO                                                                                         | STAR              | DIRECTOR             | TITLE               | SCENARIST                       | STATUS    |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------|----------------------|---------------------|---------------------------------|-----------|
| Chas.<br>Chaplin<br>1420 N.<br>LaBrea<br>HE 2141                                               | Chaplin           | Chaplin              | "City<br>Lights"    | Chaplin                         | Shooting  |
| R K O<br>(formerly<br>FBO)<br>HO 7780                                                          | Gloria<br>Swanson | Eric von<br>Stroheim | "Queen<br>Kelly"    | von<br>Stroheim                 | Shooting  |
| Paramount<br>HO2400<br>5341 Mel-<br>rose<br>11 A. M. to<br>1 P. M.<br>(Fred Datig-<br>casting) | Clara<br>Bow      | Dorothy<br>Arzner    | "The Wild<br>Party" | Sheldon-<br>Herbert-<br>Weaver. | Shooting  |
| Colossal                                                                                       | Dixie<br>Dugan    | Josef von<br>Neblick | "Sinning<br>Lovers" | Conrad<br>Neblick               | Preparing |

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# COLOSSAL FILM CORPORATION

*Subsidiary*  
**COSMIC FILMS, Inc.**

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### INTER-OFFICE COMMUNICATION

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To All Departments

Date 1/3/29

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PRODUCTION #F-11—"SINNING LOVERS"  
THE FOLLOWING CONSTITUTES THE  
STAFF LINE-UP FOR THE ABOVE  
PRODUCTION:

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|                    |                    |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| PRODUCER           | MR. SOL NEBBICK    |
| DIRECTOR           | JOSEF VON NEBBICK  |
| DIALOGUE DIRECTOR  | JULIUS NEBBICK     |
| ASST. DIRECTOR     | MAX NEBBICK        |
| 2nd ASST. DIRECTOR | JULIUS NEBBICK JR. |
| UNIT MANAGER       | SAMUEL NEBBICK     |
| SOUND SUPERVISOR   | BERNIE NEBBICK     |
| TECHNICAL DIRECTOR | HUGO NEBBICK       |
| CAMERAMEN          | DMITRI NEBBICK     |
|                    | MIKE DONOVAN       |
|                    | (temporary)        |
|                    | IVAN NEBBICK       |
| ASST. CAMERAMEN    | HENRY NEBBICK      |
|                    | MENZ NEBBICK       |
|                    | TIM O'RILEY        |
|                    | (temporary)        |
| STILL MAN          | NICOLAI NEBBICK    |
| PROP               | PAUL NEBBICK       |
| GRIP               | OSCAR NEBBICK      |
| ELECTRICIAN        | BEN NEBBICK        |
| SCRIPT CLERK       | SOPHIE NEBBICK     |
| CUTTER             | SARAH NEBBICK      |

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*Office of Sol Nebbick, the boy wonder producer of the Colossal lot. Dead black eyes in a dead white face. A rat-trap mind, a Frigidaire heart and nerves like E strings. Director Von Nebbick and Scenarist Conrad Nebbick are discussing a new sequence for "Sinning Lovers," and coiled in his chair Sol Nebbick watches them with the cold cordiality of a cobra.*

SCENARIST (*aglow with creative fire*): This gives us a great spectacle, with color and poetry and historical value. A marvelous musical pageant of the lovers of all the ages beginning with the Garden of Eden and coming down through the centuries to the present day.

DIRECTOR: The old reincarnation gag. It's always good. I used it in *Ain't We Got Fun*, a Christie release. Remember, with Chester Conklin and Louise Fazenda? It was a sock.

SCENARIST (*irritably*): This isn't a comedy sequence. We've got to have something big and beautiful in that spot.

DIRECTOR: What's the matter with Louis Wolheim? Say, by the way, that's not a bad hunch. Louis Wolheim for Adam! Make a note of that.

SCENARIST (*furious*): You've got to keep your same pair of lovers, that's the whole idea. They're reincarnated from one age to the next. You see, Mr. Nebbick, you have Dixie Dugan and Buddy Rogers—they're Adam and Eve. When you see them

again they're Hero and Leander, then they're Paris and Helen, Romeo and Juliet and then the Sinning Lovers of today. Can't you see that with gorgeous scenery and costumes in technicolor, and a marvelous theme song going through the whole thing? What do you think, Mr. Nebbick?

MR. SOL NEBBICK (*regards him evilly for a moment and then presses thin bloodless hand to tortured stomach*): Hiccough!

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### THREE BELLS—SILENCE

*In Which The Garden of Eden is Shot with Sound And Effects on Sound Stage "A," Colossal Lot, Hollywood.*

DIRECTOR: Now listen, Dixie, you too Buddy, get this! You better listen in on this, Julius. You too, Max. Hey there, Bernie! You can go down to Agua Caliente when we get finished. Paul, for God's sake. What are those things on that tree? Apples? They look like avocados.

PAUL: They *are* avocados, Mr. Nebbick.

DIRECTOR: Well, for Chrysler six! Who the hell ever heard of avocados in the Garden of Eden? That's an apple tree and I want apples on it, d'you get me?

PAUL: Ike, get some apples.

IKE: Izzy! Epples! Vos? No, not nipples, epples!

DIRECTOR: Now listen, Buddy, get this! We lap

in on you standing under the tree, see? You've got an apple in your fin, see? This is the apple tree in the Garden of Eden, see? Then you look up and you see Eve. She's a swell broad, see? You take it big. Maybe you could drop the apple. What do you think, Max?

MAX: Sure, Mr. Nebbick.

DIRECTOR: Guess you'd better hold it—for the closeup anyway. You see the dame. You say to yourself, there's a hot item. That's where we cut to you, Dixie. You're lying on the grass, counting your toes or what have you. I don't care. Then you look up and see him. Hot Dog! The theme song goes right on, see? Whosit or whatever his name is, is into the chorus by this time. We're shooting him on another sound track and we put them together later. All this first part is pantomime, see? Got it?

DIXIE: When do I come over to Adam?

DIRECTOR: You watch me. I'll give you the signal. Max! Gimme some more light on that tree.

MAX: Ben! Hit that tree!

BEN: Another two thousand here!

DIRECTOR: Too much.

MAX: Too hot.

BEN: Put a silk on that broad.

MAX: I dug up that fellow for you, Mr. Nebbick. He's here now.

DIRECTOR: What fellow?

MAX: You know that fellow that does birds. I thought you'd like to have some birds whistling dur-

ing this garden shot, and you know real birds, you can't depend on them, and the damn things don't sound like birds over the mike. I'll bring him over.

DIRECTOR (*eyeing sad individual with instinctive distrust*): What kind of bird are you? (*Bird man shakes his head.*)

MAX: He doesn't speak English.

DIRECTOR: What the hell does he speak?

MAX (*apologetically*): I don't really know—I can't understand him.

DIRECTOR (*furious*): Well what kind of a bird noise does he make?

MAX (*to bird man*): Bird, bird. (*Whistles.*) You know. (*To director.*) That always starts him.

BIRD MAN (*nods head with a slow smile of recognition. Slaps thighs with hands and crows.*) Cock-a-doodle-do. (*Bows all around to imaginary audience.*)

DIRECTOR (*to Max*): So that's the big bird effect you were digging up for over a week! Get him away from here before I kill him. (*Bird Man is led away crowing with growing enthusiasm.*)

IZZY (*sauntering up*): Here's the epples, Ike.

IKE: Hey, Paul, epples coming up!

PAUL: Where d'you want the apples, Mr. Nebbick?

DIRECTOR: Well for cripes—on the tree, sapa-dillo.

MAX: How'll we fasten them, Mr. Nebbick?

DIRECTOR: Let me see, how about some wire?

MAX: Oscar, some wire here!

OSCAR: Hey Ike! Get some wire.

IKE: Izzy! Vire!

MAX: D'you thing it looks better with three apples here and two above, or the other way?

DIRECTOR: Try it the other way. That's it! Now hold them there while I go back and look. (*Goes into camera booth and squints long and earnestly at composition.*) No, I think it's better the other way. That's it—now wire 'em up at that height—exactly. How long will we have to wait for that wire?

MAX: I guess he's getting a requisition.

DIRECTOR: Ben, save your lights.

BEN (*yelling*): REST 'EM! (*All except working lights click off.*)

DIXIE (*to colored maid*): Isn't that Mr. Milton coming over there? I better touch up my make-up. This heat has it running all over my face.

MAID: Yessum, Miss Dixie.

DIXIE: This sitting around and sitting around gets my goat.

MAID: Don't harrass yuahself honey. Miss Natchova used to say, Pheeney . . .

DIXIE: Did you know Hedda Natchova?

MAID: I wuz her maid for yeahs. Why honey, I'm older'n Cecil DeMille. Miss Natchova used to say Pheeney . . .

DIXIE (*touching up mascara*): Where'd you get that name, Pheeney?



MAID: Well dere wuz fo'teen of us, Miss Dixie, an' when I came along Mammy wuz all run outta names so she said I'll jest call this 'un Pheeney 'cause they ain't gonna be no mo'. How dee do, Mister Milton.

DIXIE: Hello Jack!

MILTON: 'Lo darling. Can I watch my new star work? (*Hungrily.*) God, you look gorgeous!

DIXIE (*airily*): Never saw me in a fig leaf before, did you?

IZZY: Here's the vire, Ike!

IKE: Hey Oscar, vire comin' up.

OSCAR: Is this where you want 'em, Max?

MAX: I think they ought to be a little higher. (*They wire the apples on. This takes thirty minutes.*)

DIRECTOR (*meanwhile, to script girl*): What dialogue follows this scene?

SCRIPT GIRL (*in colorless voice between cigarette puffs*): Adam hello there you beautiful creature what are you Eve I am a woman and what are you Adam I am a man Eve what a beautiful garden you have here and what kind of a tree is that Adam oh that is the tree of knowledge of good and evil Eve give me a bite Adam oh no you mustn't touch because it is commanded that of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat of it for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.

DIRECTOR: Who wrote that dialogue? It doesn't make sense. JULIUS! HEY JULIUS!

DIALOGUE DIRECTOR: Yes, Mr. Nebbick.

DIRECTOR: Did you rehearse Adam and Eve in this dialogue? (*Indicates place in script.*) All this mayest and eatest stuff?

DIALOGUE DIRECTOR: Sure!

DIRECTOR: Well, that's out. What kind of dialogue is that?

DIALOGUE DIRECTOR (*huffy*): Well, it's pretty good. It comes right out of the Book of Genesis.

DIRECTOR: Yeah? And we're paying Conrad Nebbick a thousand a week to write original dialogue and he cops all this old eatest and mayest stuff! This is a modern picture and I want up-to-date dialogue. Get Jimmy Gleason on this.

DIALOGUE DIRECTOR: Well, there's nothing very modern about the Garden of Eden.

DIRECTOR: There will be when I get finished with it. (*Suddenly, with complete change of manner.*) Oh, how do you do, Mr. Milton. Here Max, get Mr. Milton a chair. (*To script girl.*) Get up and give Mr. Milton your chair.

MILTON. Don't put yourself out. I just got in from New York this morning and thought I'd come over and see how Miss Dugan is getting along.

DIRECTOR (*throwing up both hands*): Marvelous! You ought to see the rushes. Have you seen the rushes? Say, are they good! Max, are they good?

MAX: They're wonderful, Mr. Milton.

SCRIPT CLERK: She's got everything, Mr. Milton. (*To director.*) You know that closeup on the terrace?

DIRECTOR: Is that a closeup!

MAX: You sure got her angle that time, Mr. Nebbick.

MILTON: I won't be disturbing you if I sit here and watch a little bit? I like to see how these sound pictures are made—very interesting.

DIRECTOR (*laughing heartily*): Disturbing? It's a pleasure, Mr. Milton. Shall I go ahead.

MILTON: Why, certainly—don't mind me. I'm only going to stay a few minutes.

DIRECTOR: Miss Dugan? Buddy?

MAX: Miss Dugan on the set! Mr. Rogers on the set!

VOICES: Miss Dugan! Miss Dugan! Mr. Rogers! Mr. Rogers!

DIRECTOR: Stand by now everybody for rehearsal. Dixie, Buddy! Say Max, is that guy ready on the song?

MAX: Yes, Mr. Nebbick.

DIRECTOR: Orchestra ready? We're gonna run this together now for timing but we'll take them separate. Now what the hell do YOU want?

SINGER: I can't see the orchestra, Mr. Nebbick.

DIRECTOR: Well, they can't see you either so that makes it jake. Bernie, what's this guy belly-aching about?

SOUND SUPERVISOR: Well, Mr. Nebbick, he's supposed to be on the stage singing, and the orchestra's in the pit, but we have to have a dummy orchestra there because if they both use the same mike the orchestra drowns him out . . .

DIRECTOR (*muttering*): And a good thing, too!

SINGER: So this guy goes and puts the orchestra away over in the corner under another mike and builds screens around 'em and I can't see 'em.

SOUND SUPERVISOR: Well, if I didn't, they'd leak over on your mike.

SINGER: Well, how the devil do you expect me to follow the tempo?

SOUND SUPERVISOR: Are you going to start telling ME how to do this?

SINGER: Somebody ought to tell you.

DIRECTOR: Give me some screens here. C'mon screw, boys, screw and take some of these goddam tourists with you. Oh, I don't mean you, Mr. Milton.

MILTON. Well, I've got to be going anyway. See you later. (*Goes over to Dixie.*) You're having dinner with me tonight at the Cocoanut Grove. Don't work too hard.

DIXIE: I love it, Jack. I can't thank you enough.

MILTON: I'll give you a lot of opportunities to try, anyway. 'Bye dear!

DIRECTOR: Three bells. Lights, Ben. (*Electric bell makes hideous uproar, signalling for silence.*)

BEN: Hit 'em! (*Lights go on with blinding glare.*)

VOICES: THREE BELLS! THREE BELLS  
EVERYBODY! SILENCE ON THE UPPER  
STAGE.

MAX: SILENCE!

JULIUS: SILENCE EVERYBODY!

IKE: SILENCE!

IZZY: SILENCE!

DIRECTOR: Shut up yelling silence will you?

VOICE (*far off*): SILENCE OVER THERE!

DIRECTOR: All right, Buddy, all right, Dixie,  
stand by. This is the rehearsal. CAMERA!

(Orchestra goes into introduction. Singer in pink silk troubadour costume takes place on stage strumming lute and singing narrative to accompany Adam and Eve pantomime. Dummy orchestra in pit saws and blows noiselessly while singer watches relay of directors beating time all the way back to where real orchestra is hidden behind screen.)

SINGER:

*Love was born in a garden*

*In that olden day*

*When Adam stood beneath the tree*

*And first saw Eve so gay.*

*The flowers bloomed, the birdies sang*

(bird effect in orchestra)

*And all the world was new*

*Now love is old, the moon is cold  
But I have you.*

Adam (Buddy Rogers) and Eve (Dixie Dugan) go through pantomime as directed while song continues under action. Director Nebbick decides to change the camera angle.

ONE BELL (pandemonium breaks loose)

THREE BELLS. They do it again.

Sound supervisor discovers orchestra is now one half beat behind singer and must be moved.

ONE BELL.

Three quarters of an hour elapse while they move orchestra.

THREE BELLS. They do it again.

Monitor man reports weird noise interference coming into the play back.

ONE BELL. The mikes are moved, new deadening put on floors and the scene is rehearsed three more times. Interfering noise continues. Sounds like an airplane far off but it doesn't seem to come any closer or go any further. An hour's search is made and they finally discover an electrician asleep and snoring above the set.

DIRECTOR: We're going to go this time everybody. This is the take. Stand by! Three Bells!

MAX: THREE BELLS. SILENCE!

VOICES: SILENCE EVERYBODY! SILENCE!  
SILENCE!

JULIUS: QUIET ON THE UPPER STAGE!

MAX: THIS IS THE TAKE! STAND BY  
EVERYBODY!

IKE: SILENCE!

IZZY: SILENCE!

SOUND SUPERVISOR: On the red!

MAX (*to Assistant cameramen*): Lock 'em up.  
(*Camera men are locked up in their sound proof tanks and assistants stand by to signal when cameras are in "sync."*)

ASSISTANT CAMERAMAN: On the blue . . . up  
to speed!

(*Tell-tale lights, red and blue, show mikes are open, the Sound Department and the three cameras are synchronized and running. Dixie and Buddy go through their pantomime while singer and orchestra record and all around them dozens of workmen, electricians, carpenters, property men, technicians and visitors stand rooted in paralyzed silence.*)

SINGER:

*Now love is old, the moon is cold  
But I have you.*

Adam sniffs apple.

Polishes it on lion skin pants.

Sees Eve—takes it big.

Holds apple and poses for count of five.

(*Director signals.*)

ONE BELL.

STILL MAN (*to Adam and Eve*): Hold it for the still. (*Levels camera on them and Director goes into booth to check up on scene for dissolve, comes out swearing.*)

DIRECTOR: Who the hell wired up those apples?

MAX: What's the matter, Mr. Nebbick?

DIRECTOR: What's the matter? Go and look at it. They're all wired too high. They're out of the camera. That might as well be a eucalyptus as an apple tree.

MAX: Well, I put them where you told me. I sure did.

DIRECTOR: Dammit! We have to do the whole scene all over again.

MAX: Once more, everybody!

JULIUS: Everybody back on the set.

VOICES: ONCE MORE EVERYBODY! BACK ON THE SET! ON THE SET EVERYBODY!

MAX: THREE BELLS.

VOICES: SILENCE! SILENCE EVERYBODY! QUIET ON THE UPPER STAGE!

(*And then—the noon whistle blows!*)

MAX: Lunch, everybody! Back on the set at one sharp for the take on this scene. Well, we've done



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pretty good this morning don't you think, Mr. Nebbick?

DIRECTOR (*straightens bow tie and spans script girl playfully*) : Damn good. I didn't think we'd get anything done.

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## XIII

HOLLYWOOD,  
8th February, 1929.

MISS NITA DUGAN,  
439 FLATBUSH AVE,  
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

NITA DARLING:

We finished shooting today. They've got it all up in the cutting rooms now and most of it is on the floor. The rushes keep looking worse and worse. Von Nebbick has been giving all the closeups to Chiquita who got second lead. She's the little Mex who used to be on Buelow's string, but not any more. They merged him into the alley and he's down in Poverty Row now doing quickies. Chiquita lost no time taking a run-out power on him and moved right in on von Nebbick with her It and everything. The net is closeups, lots of closeups for her—but every time they cut to me I'm going away some place.

Five weeks of it Nita. On the set and made up at nine o'clock in the morning. Then hours and hours of sitting around and rehearsing and taking the same scene a dozen times. And then the last two weeks every night till ten, eleven and twelve o'clock; sometimes two and three in the morning, and then back

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on the set the next morning at nine dead for sleep with big flats under your eyes and three cameras finding the lines in your face like a bank teller looking for silk threads in a dollar bill.

Jack Milton has been running around like a wet hen trying to rush the picture so we can get married and hop off on our honeymoon. He keeps on muttering in his long blue whiskers about Hawaii and Honolulu and a trip around the world or maybe it's a trip to the moon. I don't know. When the time comes I'll just shut my eyes and say I do and shove off. Still, he's damned sweet Nita, and turning the whole place upside down for me out here, so I guess I'll have to go through with it, though sometimes I feel like that bimbo in the Bible who sold out for a mess of pottage. I guess that was something like a New England boiled dinner. Imagine giving in for that!

When Jack isn't running around merging studios and firing a lot of broad-hipped executives who got that way from sitting pretty, he's on the set with me or in the projection room looking at the rushes. Sometimes he thinks they're swell and sometimes he isn't sure. Well, he doesn't know anything about pictures, but who the hell does? Answer me that one. Maybe Sol Nebbick. He's the only one that isn't always yapping around here. He just appears miraculously from nowhere, nursing his indigestion, watches the action a while and either grunts or says lousy, and then disappears again.

Don't ask me what the picture looks like. I haven't the slightest idea. I've seen pieces of this and heard bits of that and then we'd retake the scene and throw the retake away and use the worst pieces of the other negative and junk that and retake it again until everybody is so mad and so dizzy they don't know whether they're working on *Sinning Lovers* or *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Sarah Nebbick, the head cutter, told me today they'd have the negative cut and assembled the first of the week and we'd have the answer print—that's the first complete print from the edited negative—in time for the secret preview which will be a week from Monday night. She doesn't know the house but it will be some out of the way place where they specialize in horse opera. The studio will slip the picture in and try it on the dog before the real opening. Maybe there won't be any real opening—maybe it'll be so bad they'll throw it all in the ash can. And then again maybe it'll be a wow. Nobody knows. Neither do I. But Mickey, who wrote the songs and has seen a lot of the rushes, says the talk around the studio is that it's all set and in the bag. God, Nita, I hope so. It means so much to me. I'll wire you or call you long distance as soon as I find out. Keep your fingers crossed.

Your dizzy sister,  
Dixie.

P.S. I suppose you haven't seen Jimmy, have you?

## ALVARADO THEATRE

LAURA LaPLANTE

in

"HER BIG NIGHT"

WITH SOUND

ALSO BIG FEATURE PREVIEW TONIGHT

## POST MORTEM

SCENE: *On the sidewalk outside the Alvarado Theatre, Alvarado Street, opposite Westlake Park, Los Angeles.*

TIME: 10.30 P. M.

*(The preview of "Sinning Lovers" which started at 8.30 has just finished. The mourners who occupied the last two rows reserved for the Colossal executives and cast have sought the open air and stand huddled in dejected little groups, talking, talking, talking.)*

Boys, it looks like we laid an egg.

They sure weren't having any, were they?

I told you that damned lovers of history gag was a wet smack.

Yeah? It was all right if you had shot it the way I wrote it.

Yeah? If I had shot it the way you wrote it they wouldn't have just sat there and taken it. We'd

have had to fight our way out of the theatre.

What did you think about it, Julius?

Who, me? Sonk!

Still, you can't tell by one audience. It got a lot of laughs.

Yeah? But they were in the wrong place.

The trouble with this picture is what I've said all along. Supervisors!

Well, I don't think it was so bad. I mean I think we can salvage a lot of it.

Sure, we can save the sound track and make another picture to run with it.

Well, I never saw such a bum job of cutting. You could take that whole cabaret sequence out and never miss it.

I didn't do the numbers, baby. I just cut 'em.

I'll say—with an axe!

Where's Dixie? Wasn't she here?

I saw her sitting away back with Milton. They ducked out just before the lights went up.

I guess she feels pretty bad, poor kid.

Well boys, I'm going home and roll in.

Who's for home?

Going my way, Max? Give you a lift.

Goom bi, slaves—see you in the factory tomorrow.

Oh, hello Abe! How did it hit you?

Right in the pit of the stomach. Oof!

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*Dixie's apartment. Midnight. Telephone rings. Dixie, who has been pacing up and down makes a dive across the room and grabs it.*

OPERATOR: On your call to Brooklyn New York, we are ready.

DIXIE: Hello, hello! Who is this? Oh, is this you Nita? Hello darling, this is Dixie. What time is it there? Three o'clock? It's just twelve here. Midnight. I can hear you so plain. Just like in the next room. Oh Nita, I don't know how to tell you what happened. We had the preview tonight. Everything went wrong. It was too long and it was cut bad and the sound didn't work half the time. It was just a mess. I don't know what they're going to do with it. I was so sick I couldn't sit until the finish. I walked out on it at the end and came home. Jack was with me. What? MILTON. He came home with me and we had a row. A row!—a FIGHT. Jack and I. I'm NOT always fighting, but he said it was a flop and even if I was all right on the stage this proved that I didn't get over in pictures, and I asked him what he thought ought to be done and he said he was for putting it on the shelf and forgetting it and charge it off to experience and I says to him that's all right for you to talk about the money that way but how about me and my time and all the grief and the heartaches I put in it. And he said he couldn't help that—that was the business and there was no use in throwing good money after bad. The company was in the bag for half a million

dollars already on the picture. What? A HALF A MILLION! I know it's a lot of money. That's what Jack said too but I told him I didn't cost all that. They were in half of it on the other one before they even started with me and he said well the stockholders don't give a damn who was in it or what. All they are interested in is dividends and if it was his money it would be something else again but it wasn't. It belonged to the corporation and he had gone as far as he could go. And I says well what are you going to do then and he says what do you want me to do and I says what difference does it make what I want. I don't think the picture's so terrible that it couldn't be saved. He says well I don't know anything about pictures but the audience tonight told you that they didn't want it. They were walking out on it and I says well won't you try to do something about saving it. He says I'd like to but I can't. I've gone ahead and spent all this money on my own responsibility and I says well I thought it was your money all the time and he says don't be silly. I just represent the men who have got their money in this—the banks and other big corporations—you don't think I'd gamble half a million dollars of my own money in the show business, do you? I may be crazy but I'm not a complete damnfool, and then I says well what are you going to do Jack and he says well there's no use in kidding yourself Dixie. It's a flop and the cheapest and most sensible thing to do now is to wash it up and forget



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it. I'll go out to the studio tomorrow and settle the whole thing up and you pack up and come back East with me and we'll get married and go away on a nice trip and forget all about the movies. What do you say? And I says well what can I say Jack? You're the boss. I certainly haven't any money to put in it, but if you really loved me it looks to me like you wouldn't quit cold like this before it's really had a chance. Do you remember, you wanted me to do the same thing in Atlantic City just because the tryout was a flop you wanted me to jump the show and run away with you and get married and then you know what happened. Jimmy stuck to the job—dug up some more capital, fixed the show up and we came into New York and it was a hit, and he says well how much money did it make and I says well it didn't make much money and he says well that's it—there you are. And I says well what do I care if it makes money or not. Lots of good pictures don't make money and Jack says so far as the bankers are concerned if it doesn't make money it's not a good picture and I says what about *Caligari* and he says I never saw it and from all I've heard of it I never want to see it and that hasn't anything to do with the subject anyway. We're talking about *Sinning Lovers*. I saw that. I saw it tonight and it's a flop and then I says to him, in other words I say it's spinach and I say to hell with it. Is that what you mean? And he says well that's putting it bluntly but that's the idea. We won't talk about it any more

tonight but I'll see you in the morning when you've had a good night's sleep and you feel better. A good night's sleep, Nita! Can you feature that? Then he said goodnight and went out as matter of fact as though he had just brought in the groceries. A good night's sleep! I've been pacing up and down ever since he left. I put the call in right away. Did I wake you up? What? I bet Ma was scared to death when the telephone rang at three o'clock in the morning. How is she? That's good. Don't tell her anything about it yet. Tell her everything is getting along fine. Pa too. What'll I do, Nita? What? I KNOW Jack is sensible but I hate sensible men. What? It ISN'T time I got sense. I want sense when I'm so old it doesn't interfere with my fun. Sure I've been having a lot of fun working like a dog from nine o'clock in the morning until midnight for weeks, then to have it flop like this. It'll be all over Hollywood tomorrow. I can't bear to think of facing them out at the studio. I don't know what I'm going to do. What? I KNOW I'm on long distance. WHAT? I KNOW IT'S COSTING A LOT OF MONEY BUT DAMMIT I'VE GOT TO TALK TO SOMEBODY. What? I'm not crying. I'M NOT. Well, what if I am? What do you expect me to do? Laugh and clap hands and yell whoopee? WHAT? All right Sis. I guess you're right . . . All right, I'll try . . . All right . . . I'll write to you tomorrow. You write to me. Soon as you hang up. Air mail. Please. Please, I haven't anybody left

but you. I feel so alone out here. All right Sis. 'Bye. What? Nothing. I just said goodbye. Goodbye darling. (*Dixie slowly hangs up the receiver, throws herself on bed, buries her head in the pillow and cries quietly, steadily. Telephone rings.*)

DIXIE (*blubbing*): 'Lo, whu—whu—what?

OPERATOR (*cheerily*): The charge on that call will be twenty-two dollars and seventy-five cents for thirteen minutes.

(From The Hollywood Daily Screen World—Feb. 20th)

### MAY SHELVE "SINNING LOVERS"

John Milton, Chairman of Production Board Cosmic Films said to be disappointed with preview of Dixie Dugan's first starring vehicle—Colossal Executives mum.



FEBRUARY 20TH

EN ROUTE THE CHIEF EASTBOUND

DIXIE DUGAN

1842 NO LA BREA AVE

HOLLYWOOD CALIF

WAS CALLED BACK SUDDENLY TO NEW YORK  
TRIED TO REACH YOU ALL DAY YESTERDAY  
AND TODAY BEFORE TAKING TRAIN BUT YOUR

PHONE DIDNT ANSWER STOP PLEASE WIRE  
AND TELL ME YOURE NOT ANGRY WITH ME STOP  
SURE YOU MUST REALIZE WISDOM OF NOT GO-  
ING AHEAD WITH PICTURE STOP WIRE ME  
CARE CHIEF AT ALBUQUERQUE OR GALLUP  
STOP WHEN ARE YOU COMING TO NEW YORK OR  
SHALL I COME BACK FOR YOU STOP ALL MY  
LOVE

JACK

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*Offices of Sol Nebbick, Colossal lot. Dixie Dugan, paralyzed with awe and cold with terror has just entered and stands waiting for Mr. Nebbick to look up from his reading and recognize her.*

DIXIE (*finally*): You sent for me Mr. Nebbick.

NEBBICK (*looking up slowly and allowing a faint flicker of recognition to ripple his mask*): Oh yes. (*Sharply.*) Never mind sitting down. I won't keep you very long. I had a talk with Milton before he went back East about *Sinning Lovers*. I suppose you know how he feels about it?

DIXIE (*trembling*): I know. He told me.

NEBBICK: He told me too, and when he got finished telling me I told him.

DIXIE (*bravely*): Well, I suppose there's nothing more to be said about it.

NEBBICK: Not much. Report tomorrow morning at nine o'clock on stage "A."

DIXIE (*astonished*): For what?

NEBBICK: For the retakes of course.

DIXIE (*slowly*): Retakes! Did you say retakes?

NEBBICK: I've taken von Nebbick off the picture. Another director starts tomorrow on a schedule of retakes. I'm changing some of the production numbers, throwing out the others, rearranging the sequences and cutting the running time down to one hour and ten minutes. It's all laid out.

DIXIE: But Milton said he was going to junk it.

NEBBICK (*slowly*): I told Milton if he wanted to save the money he's got in this thing to get on the train and go home and turn it over to me and let me handle it alone. He replied that the appropriation for *Sinning Lovers* was exhausted and there wouldn't be any more money. I asked him what he wanted to do and he said put it on the shelf so I said all right. That's the way he left it.

DIXIE: But I still don't understand.

NEBBICK: I saw the picture in preview. It was lousy but there's plenty of good stuff in it. All it needs is cutting and re-making in parts and re-editing and it's got a good chance. I know pictures. Milton doesn't. (*With an evil smile.*) In fact, I think so well of its chances that I'm going ahead with it.

DIXIE (*bewildered*): Maybe *I'm* crazy. When? How? Where?

NEBBICK: I don't know why I'm telling you all this except that I want you to go in there tomorrow and give us the best you've got. But it's this way. When Milton said he was going to junk the picture

I told him my reputation as a producer was involved and I'd rather dig up enough money to finance the re-making of it myself and release it independently than take such a black eye right at the beginning of my connection with the new merger. So he named a price and told me to wire him in New York if I could swing it. I wired him today that the deal was closed. Tomorrow morning at nine. Stage A., Miss Dugan. That's all. (*To Beautiful Young Thing at door.*) Send von Nebbick in here. And bring me some more bicarbonate.



FEBRUARY 25TH  
SC352 53 NL HOLLYWOOD CALIF 1103 P 25  
NITA DUGAN  
439 FLATBUSH AVE

BROOKLYN N Y  
ITS ON AGAIN STOP MAKING RETAKES NIGHT  
AND DAY STOP FINISHING UP END OF WEEK  
AM SO TIRED IM SILLY STOP THIS TIME IT  
HAS GOT TO BE GOOD STOP BEAR DOWN ON  
YOUR PATRON SAINT FOR ME STOP MINE IS  
IN CONFERENCE LOVE

DIXIE

| POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES                                                                                                                                                                                                |                  |  |              |  |            |  |              |  |            |  |                                                                                                                                                        |          |  |        |        |         |           |
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| <table border="1"> <tr><td>CLASS OF SERVICE</td><td></td></tr> <tr><td>Day Telegram</td><td></td></tr> <tr><td>Day Letter</td><td></td></tr> <tr><td>Day Telegram</td><td></td></tr> <tr><td>Day Letter</td><td></td></tr> </table> | CLASS OF SERVICE |  | Day Telegram |  | Day Letter |  | Day Telegram |  | Day Letter |  | <table border="1"> <tr><td colspan="2">TELEGRAM</td></tr> <tr><td>TO ALL</td><td>TO ALL</td></tr> <tr><td>AMERICA</td><td>THE WORLD</td></tr> </table> | TELEGRAM |  | TO ALL | TO ALL | AMERICA | THE WORLD |
| CLASS OF SERVICE                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                  |  |              |  |            |  |              |  |            |  |                                                                                                                                                        |          |  |        |        |         |           |
| Day Telegram                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                  |  |              |  |            |  |              |  |            |  |                                                                                                                                                        |          |  |        |        |         |           |
| Day Letter                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                  |  |              |  |            |  |              |  |            |  |                                                                                                                                                        |          |  |        |        |         |           |
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| AMERICA                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | THE WORLD        |  |              |  |            |  |              |  |            |  |                                                                                                                                                        |          |  |        |        |         |           |

FEBRUARY 26TH

FL 735 22 DL BROOKLYN N Y 1020A 26

DIXIE DUGAN

1842 NO LA BREA AVE

HOLLYWOOD CALIF

THE WORLD IS A BIG CAFETERIA WHERE GOD  
HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES STOP  
THAT GOES FOR PATRON SAINTS TOO LOVE

NITA

| POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES                                                                                                                                                                                                |                  |  |              |  |            |  |              |  |            |  |                                                                                                                                                        |          |  |        |        |         |           |
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| Day Telegram                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                  |  |              |  |            |  |              |  |            |  |                                                                                                                                                        |          |  |        |        |         |           |
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| Day Telegram                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                  |  |              |  |            |  |              |  |            |  |                                                                                                                                                        |          |  |        |        |         |           |
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| TELEGRAM                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |                  |  |              |  |            |  |              |  |            |  |                                                                                                                                                        |          |  |        |        |         |           |
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| AMERICA                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | THE WORLD        |  |              |  |            |  |              |  |            |  |                                                                                                                                                        |          |  |        |        |         |           |

FEBRUARY 27TH

SB 456 19 HOLLYWOOD CALIF 435P 27

NITA DUGAN

439 FLATBUSH AVE

BROOKLYN N Y

I HAVE CORNS ON MY HIP FROM CARRYING  
TRAYS IN YOUR OLD CAFETERIA WISHING  
YOU THE SAME LOVE

DIXIE

| POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |  |
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| <div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> <div style="width: 30%;"> <p><b>CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED</b></p> <p>Day Telegram</p> <p>Day Letter</p> <p>Night Telegram</p> <p>Night Letter</p> <p><small>We cannot mail night or 1 message on Sunday or public holidays unless otherwise indicated. For charges and conditions see 1st page.</small></p> </div> <div style="width: 40%; text-align: center;"> <h1>TELEGRAM</h1> </div> <div style="width: 30%;"> <p><b>RECEIVED</b></p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> </div> </div> |  |

FEBRUARY 27TH

NA840 16 NEW YORK N Y 1230P 27

DIXIE DUGAN

1842 NO LA BREA AVE

HOLLYWOOD CALIF

NO WIRE FROM YOU IN CHICAGO NO MESSAGE  
FROM YOU HERE WHAT DOES IT MEAN

JACK

| POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |  |
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| <div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> <div style="width: 30%;"> <p><b>CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED</b></p> <p>Day Telegram</p> <p>Day Letter</p> <p>Night Telegram</p> <p>Night Letter</p> <p><small>We cannot mail night or 1 message on Sunday or public holidays unless otherwise indicated. For charges and conditions see 1st page.</small></p> </div> <div style="width: 40%; text-align: center;"> <h1>TELEGRAM</h1> </div> <div style="width: 30%;"> <p><b>RECEIVED</b></p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> </div> </div> |  |

FEBRUARY 28TH

SC355 2 HOLLYWOOD CALIF 856A 28

JACK MILTON

67 WALL STREET

NEW YORK CITY N Y

GUESS

DIXIE



XIV

**COLOSSAL  
FILM CORPORATION**

*Subsidiary*

**COSMIC FILMS, Inc.**

---

**INTER-OFFICE COMMUNICATION**

---

**To All Departments**

**Date 3/11/20**

Pursuant to a request from the Hays office that the title *Sinning Lovers* be changed so as to forestall any possible objections from the censors, the picture will be released under the title *Loving Sinners*.

**SOL NEBBICK.**

---

(From the Hollywood Daily Screen World—March 14th)  
"LOVING SINNERS" BOOKED INTO GRAUMAN'S CHINESE  
House Will Be Dark While Elaborate Prologue Is Prepared.

---

(From The New York World—March 28th)

The Screen.

Enter Dixie Dugan.

Dixie Dugan, starring in "Loving Sinners," a singing, dancing, talking picture, opens at the Astor Theatre next Friday night simultaneous with its premiere in Hollywood. These double "world premieres" for Hollywood, and Broadway are

the newest racket. Our Hollywood spies report this picture as something unusual. Dixie Dugan was caught only a few months ago in one of the movie raids on Broadway after clicking in "Get Your Girl" in a short but snappy run at the Klav Theatre last season.



MARCH 29TH

SB 462 24 HOLLYWOOD CALIF 956A 29

NITA DUGAN

439 FLATBUSH AVE

BROOKLYN N Y

THEY ARE THROWING ME TO THE LIONS TO-NIGHT IN SENSATIONAL WORLD PREMIERE GRAUMANS CHINESE THEATRE ALL HOLLYWOOD WILL BE THERE PRAY FOR ME

DIXIE

| POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES                                                                                                                                                                                       |                                                                                      |
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MARCH 29TH

FC255 31 BROOKLYN N Y 320P 29

DIXIE DUGAN

1842 NO LA BREA AVE

HOLLYWOOD CALIF

YOUR PICTURE OPENING IN NEW YORK ALSO  
 TONIGHT NEWSPAPERS FULL OF PUBLICITY  
 YOUR NAME IN BIG LIGHTS OVER ASTOR THE-  
 ATRE ON BROADWAY WE WILL BE THERE LEAD-  
 ING THE CHEERS

NITA

| POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES                                                                                                                                                                                       |                                                                                      |
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MARCH 29TH

NA374 22 NEW YORK N Y 243P

DIXIE DUGAN

1842 NO LA BREA AVE

HOLLYWOOD CALIF

IN THE MOB AT THE ASTOR THEATRE TONIGHT  
 PULLING HARD FOR DEAR LITTLE DIXIE DU-  
 GAN WILL BE THAT DIRTY BUM

JIMMY DOYLE



MARCH 29TH

NC533 42 NEW YORK N Y 1156A 20  
 FELTS PALACE OF FLOWERS  
 HOLLYWOOD BLVD

HOLLYWOOD CALIF  
 DELIVER FIFTY DOLLARS WORTH AMERICAN  
 BEAUTY ROSES DIXIE DUGAN TONIGHT PRE-  
 MIERE GRAUMANS CHINESE THEATRE AND EN-  
 CLOSE CARD SAYING DEAR DIXIE COMMA  
 WARM HANDS COLD HEART DASH BUT WISH  
 YOU ALL THE LUCK IN THE WORLD SIGNED  
 JACK MILTON  
 MAX SCHLING FLORIST SAVOY PLAZA NEW  
 YORK

*(Denoting time lapse of twenty-four hours)*

(From The Lost Angeles Times—March 30th)

WOW OF A SOUND FILM ON SCREEN

Dixie Dugan In "Loving Sinners" Sets New Pace For Talkies.

Clever Plot, Songs and Dance Capture at Premiere

Grauman Show Dazzles at The Chinese

BY EDWIN SCHALLERT.

Say it with singing, dancing harmony. That's the  
 new language of the screen. Rhythmically, spir-

---

itedly, pathetically and gayly, "Loving Sinners" will make you believe it, even if you don't.

This is a picture! It's an eye-opener and an ear-opener. It's right off the grill of the latest in sound development, and, oh, what a wow! . . .

---

(From The Hollywood Daily Citizen—March 30th)

**"LOVING SINNERS" IS CINEMATIC TRIUMPH**

Dixie Dugan Thrills Blasé Hollywood

BY DORIS DENBO

Through a drizzling rain and in spite of it, executive and professional Hollywood turned out last night to attend what probably will be rated as the greatest evening's entertainment Sid Grauman has offered in his new Chinese Theatre, Dixie Dugan in "Loving Sinners" Colossal talking triumph, and a prologue which surpasses anything Grauman has ever attempted. . . .

---

(From The Los Angeles Evening Express—March 30th)

**"LOVING SINNERS" REVELATION IN THE WORLD OF SHOWMANSHIP**

BY MONROE LATHROP

Hollywood had another long evening of thrills last night provided by the champion thrill-master of the show world, Sid Grauman.

Thrills for those (a) who love to be a part of the hurly burly of massed humanity; (b) for those who react like moths to a blaze of light; (c) for those who revel in the fame, fortune and admiration that movie wealth bestows; (d) for the sightseers ..(with umbrellas)

who get an awesome eyeful of the cinema idols; (e) for those who gorged upon one of Grauman's plethoric banquets of entertainment; (f) for the champions and devotees of the triumphant talkies.

Item (f) refers to the sensational Dixie Dugan who overnight stepped into the white light that beats on the throne of stardom with her first vocal superfilm "Loving Sinners". . . .

---

(From The Los Angeles Examiner—March 30th)

**"LOVING SINNERS" PREMIERE MARKS NEW MILESTONE  
IN FILM HISTORY**

**BEAUTY FINDS EXPRESSION IN MADAME MODE'S LATEST**

Another brilliant premiere at Sid Grauman's Chinese Theatre with fashion, celebrities, klieg lights, huge sun arcs playing against towering jets of steam, a dazzling pyrotechnics of colored beams that glowed over half of Hollywood and a gloriously gowned and groomed audience comprising the creme de la creme of the beauty and chivalry, the wit, wisdom and the charm of Moviedom.

White gowns, pale blue, with rich dark furs, were the tones most exquisitely expressed in chiffons and velvets. Green, sparkling with crystals, and peach and apricot tones in satin were among the lovely gowns. Mere description is vague because line and grace can scarcely be described adequately. But pretty women, distinguished men, Madame Mode's latest creations, all go to make a picture of fashion and beauty and interest to be held no place outside of Los Angeles.

Among those present last evening were:

MRS. SOL. NEBBICK, gold and brocade wrap over gold lace gown.

MRS. HARRY RAPF, white ermine wrap over white satin evening gown.

MRS. JOSEF VON NEBBICK, green chiffon bouffant gown with matching velvet wrap trimmed with white fox.

MRS. BERNIE HYMAN, er-

mine wrap over gold chiffon gown.

MRS. LARRY WEINGARTEN (Sylvia Thalberg), blue satin and lace frock with white wrap trimmed with white fox.

MRS. PAT ROONEY, red chiffon with ermine coat.

MRS. CECIL DE MILLE, red velvet evening gown under brocade velvet wrap.

MRS. WILLIAM DE MILLE (Clara Beranger), deep blue taffeta Parisian frock with sable wrap.

MRS. FRED NIBLO, (Enid Bennett), white satin gown with Burgundy velvet wrap.

MRS. KING VIDOR (Eleanor Boardman), watermelon chiffon frock with ermine and sable wrap.

DIXIE DUGAN, Adrian designed frock of white tulle trimmed in a leaf pattern of sequins with white gardenias worn at hiptop, short cape of tulle.

RENEE ADOREE, white chiffon evening gown under black chiffon velvet coat with white ermine collar and cuffs.

JOAN CRAWFORD, white brocade frock with white gardenias under ermine wrap.

AILEEN PRINGLE, black velvet ensemble silver trimmed, with silver evening cape.

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN, yellow soufflé, crystal trimmed with ermine wrap.

NORMA SHEARER, Delft

blue taffeta ensemble with silver trimmings.

MRS. JAMES GLEASON (Lucille Webster), black lace and chiffon gown wrap of black velvet trimmed with white fox.

LILA LEE, corn colored crepe, chiffon frock with corsage in three shades of orange, cloth of gold wrap.

CLARA BOW, emerald green chiffon frock under wrap of white ermine.

LUPE VELEZ, red brocaded wrap over matching chiffon gown.

MARY PICKFORD, coral velvet cape with white fox collar

over matching chiffon dress.

ALICE WHITE, pale green chiffon embroidered with pearls and brilliants, green velvet wrap.

JANET GAYNOR, white chiffon trimmed with crystal beads, silver wrap with black and white fox fur collar.

GLORIA SWANSON, embroidered jade chiffon, with matching wrap.

MRS. HAROLD LLOYD, white georgette, corsage of white gardenias, ermine coat.

MRS. JACK WARNER, pink beaded chiffon, wrap of pink moire, corsage of pink camellias.

| POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                             |                 |              |      |                |      |               |               |                 |  |                |  |                                                                                                                                              |          |  |                |                             |
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| CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |                             |                 |              |      |                |      |               |               |                 |  |                |  |                                                                                                                                              |          |  |                |                             |
| Day Telegram                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                             |                 |              |      |                |      |               |               |                 |  |                |  |                                                                                                                                              |          |  |                |                             |
| Night Telegram                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |                             |                 |              |      |                |      |               |               |                 |  |                |  |                                                                                                                                              |          |  |                |                             |
| Day Cablegram                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                             |                 |              |      |                |      |               |               |                 |  |                |  |                                                                                                                                              |          |  |                |                             |
| Night Cablegram                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |                             |                 |              |      |                |      |               |               |                 |  |                |  |                                                                                                                                              |          |  |                |                             |
| Report Service                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |                             |                 |              |      |                |      |               |               |                 |  |                |  |                                                                                                                                              |          |  |                |                             |
| TELEGRAM                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |                             |                 |              |      |                |      |               |               |                 |  |                |  |                                                                                                                                              |          |  |                |                             |
| TO ALL AMERICA                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | CABLEGRAMS TO ALL THE WORLD |                 |              |      |                |      |               |               |                 |  |                |  |                                                                                                                                              |          |  |                |                             |
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| TIME                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                             |                 |              |      |                |      |               |               |                 |  |                |  |                                                                                                                                              |          |  |                |                             |
| STANDARD TIME                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                             |                 |              |      |                |      |               |               |                 |  |                |  |                                                                                                                                              |          |  |                |                             |

MARCH 30TH

NC422 56 BROOKLYN N Y 906A 30

DIXIE DUGAN

1842 NO LA BREA AVE

HOLLYWOOD CALIF

YOUR NEW YORK OPENING WAS A RIOT AND  
WORLD TIMES AND HERALD TRIBUNE CARRY  
RAVES THIS MORNING STOP WRITING AIR  
MAIL TODAY ENCLOSING ALL CLIPPINGS  
STOP THEYRE MARVELOUS YOU SLAY EM BABY  
WE ARE ALL PROUD OF YOU SAW BOTH JACK  
AND JIMMY AT PREMIERE LAST NIGHT BUT  
DIDNT GET CHANCE TO TALK TO THEM LOVE

NITA

(Full Page Ad From Variety, Week of April 10th)

## **CRASH!!!!**

went all records for a single day's business in any Pittsburgh theatre when **LOVING SINNERS** rolled up Saturday gross at the Stanley \$2,000 over best previous figure for any house!

## **SMASH!!!**

**CHICAGO—DIXIE DUGAN** in **LOVING SINNERS** smashed all house records at Roosevelt first week. Opening day of second week surpasses opening of first week, making new history for this theatre.  
—Max Balaban.

## **BIFF!!**

First week at New Grand Central, St. Louis, K.O.'d all previous records in spite of opposition from three other sound attractions.

## **SOCKO!**

**\$50,000.00—ADVANCE SALE—\$50,000.00**  
Astor Theatre, New York—lines for two blocks all day long on Hollywood Boulevard, Grauman's Chinese Theatre.

## **DIXIE DUGAN** IN **LOVING SINNERS**

Is rolling up a national record never approached in the picture business

**It's a COLOSSAL Super Sound Epic**  
**"COLOSSAL Leads in Sound"**



---

**SOME NEWS ITEMS FROM LOS ANGELES AND HOLLYWOOD  
NEWSPAPERS**

Dixie Dugan was signed yesterday to a long term contract with sensational salary increase by Sol Nebbick, who will produce independently but release through Colossal.

It is rumoured the Beverly Hills estate of the late Hedda Natchova has been leased by Dixie Dugan, the new Colossal star.

The Pig'n Whistle is featuring the new Dixie Dugan sandwich.

Dixie Dugan, the sensational

Colossal discovery, will be mistress of ceremonies at the regular Saturday Tea Dansante at the Roosevelt Hotel tomorrow.

It was "Dixie Dugan Night" last night at the Montmartre where the new Colossal star judged the regular weekly dancing contest.

The subdivision formerly known as La Brea Pits has been renamed Dixie Dugan Vista by the enterprising firm of realtors, C. C. C. Tatum.

---

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

NITA—YOU BIG STIFF:

April 12th, 1929.

I love you and I'm crazy with excitement and I feel marvelous. Boy, if I felt any better I'd be a national menace. I'd be a scourge. Baby, I thought I knew Hollywood, but I was just a little stepchild with my nose flattened against the window looking at the pies and cakes inside. And that was only a few weeks ago. Now I'm inside with a pie in each fist and a face full of cake and everybody saying oh, so *you're* Dixie. Well, I'm *so* glad to meet you. I saw your picture and you're marvelous—won't you come to tea or dinner or breakfast or a cocktail party or a bull fight or what am I offered. Hot cat! Wait till I brush a few butlers off me. Where am I? Oh doctor! Is it a boy or a Rolls?

There are at least fifty Hollywoods out here, Nita; the lowest one away down in the sub-basement next to the boilers and then one by one going up and up to the roof garden where the stars sit in rose lights and munch caviare and flip cigarette butts down on an adoring world. I've been tossing my share over the rail this last few weeks and boy how I love it. This is la vie. Get away closer!

You should see me rolling around in a town car making important noises through speaking tubes at an imported chauffeur all dressed up like a Moose on parade. You can rent anything out here—even Mooses, or is it Meese? Mail pouring in asking for my picture or a few kind words or a check for a nursing home for waltzing mice or could they name the triplets after me or is it true that my second husband is the King of Siam. I have two secretaries—one who has nothing to do but say yes and the other one no. Me, I have nothing to say. My publicity representative speaks for me. He also writes stories about my lowly origin, how I started at the age of five in a factory in Brooklyn, working fourteen hours a day making those little straw hats for horses, and how through sheer pluck and determination and grit and will power and love for my mother and devotion to the flag, I fought my way up and up to the heights but still remain the simple sweet little home girl at heart—an ideal for all American womanhood who realizes fame is only a bauble and who secretly yearns for a little nest full of kiddies

and things. I don't allow him to show me any of the god-awful stuff any more—I busted all my combies laughing.

The clips you sent me from New York were great and reviews have been pouring in from all over the country—marvelous! I read them and wonder who this Dixie is they're talking about. It can't be the same little punk who only a few weeks ago was pacing up and down in a panic wondering if her option was going to be renewed. What a difference! How quick you go up in this business. And down too, I guess. Express elevator service. No stops between the tenth and thirty-fifth. This car going to the basement only—crockery, tinware, remnants, odd lots. Especially odd lots. You certainly see them around this town. Violinists who came out here to play symphonies sitting on sets scratching Hearts and Flowers by the hour. And now with the new yappies they haven't even a set to sit on. Hard-faced mothers from all over the country dragging their little girls around to studios ready to sell them out to anyone from an assistant director to a property man just to make a little money off them. Agents with young girls tied up under long term contracts at a hundred a week leasing them to studios for ten times that and pocketing the difference. Hundreds of pretty kids from small towns, nice family girls, church girls, even society pets going broke and desperate, waiting tables, selling notions, peddling box lunches on the street corners—

I could tell you stories that would curl your hair. For instance, you know a lot of people in the East retire and come out here to the coast to spend their last few years. When they die their relatives back East usually want the body shipped home and the railroad companies won't take the corpse unless there's a passenger on board accompanying it, so every year a couple of hundred tickets for railroad passage to eastern cities are turned over to an organization here that helps stranded girls and the girls ride back east with the bodies. Tie that one!

When I see you I'll tell you a lot of other things that you wouldn't believe if I wrote them. Would you believe that Tom Mix has a marble tennis court? And the great mystic Dareos who advises all the stars is an Irishman with a brogue you could cut with an axe? And he has a crystal that is about as clear as a beer bottle and his shrine looks like the office of an eye, ear, nose and throat doctor minus the couch—and it is in the Bank of California Building with hours on the door 12 to 5 p.m. and 7.30 to 9 p.m., so you can see he has his ghosts punching the clock. I wonder if he docks them if they show up late with a hangover. I didn't tell you, Nita, but when I was feeling so low I thought I would go for one of those seances and I gave him three bucks and he told me I was psychic and not to make any important changes for the coming year, and that I had been deeply in love and would be again. He certainly must have reached away out

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into the astral world for that one. Show me a girl that hasn't been in love and won't be again and I'll show you a bearded lady. But it's a great racket. How the dames fall for it. If I were a man I wouldn't be anything else but a mystic. But I'd get a better crystal.

And now the scene changes. We are back in the studio with Dixie Dugan, the new Colossal star who has a special hamburger steak named after her at the Brown Derby on Wilshire Boulevard and who lunches in the Colossal executive bungalow and has tea with Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks and is the week end guest of Marion Davies in her beach house down at Santa Monica.

Pickfair, where Mary and Doug rough it with nine or ten house servants and three or four on the grounds, overlooks all the Beverly Hills and most of the Pacific Ocean. The house used to be a club house—two long wings in a V shape with a flagged terrace in the V. Kind of an English-looking place with shingled walls and no one to wait on the table except the head butler named Albert and an assistant butler and an assistant butler for the assistant butler. I couldn't help thinking of our town house in Brooklyn, Nita, and how Mary and Doug would have envied us our Ole, imported specially from Sweden and installed in our basement at great expense to all the tenants. The table is set every night for ten or twelve whether they come or not—I'm talking now about Mary's table, not ours. And

Mary sits at the head of the table and Doug sits to her left. Well, we had tea on the terrace and Mary was charming to me. I call her Mary. And Doug was nice too. And the lawn was green and sloped away down the hill for what seemed days and the bees buzzed in the flowers and the birds warbled in the trees and I looked down on Hollywood and tried to remember what it was like to be down there, hungry and out of a job. It was quite an effort.

But Marion Davies' beach house, Nita! Just a little dove-cote right on the ocean. Only twenty-five bedrooms, Nita, but it's home and we love it. Two garages with six cars and chauffeurs to match. Chefs, butlers, footmen, maids, valets all connected to push buttons that you can reach from anywhere you sit, stand or lie. It's run like the Ritz would love to do things if they could afford it. But don't get the idea, Nita, that it's swank. Everything is so unbelievably marvelous, so beautiful, so rare, exquisite and in perfect taste that no one has to waste any time trying to impress anybody. Just to give you a slight notion, darling. The upper hall is papered with this Zuber paper, with marvelous reproductions showing the history of America. I asked one of the thirty or forty guests who was trying to get up enough energy to look at the ocean if he had any idea what that stuff cost and he said well, about four hundred and fifty dollars a set, and then I went around and counted the sets, Nita, and there were

about twenty-five of them. Twenty-five times four hundred and fifty. *You* do it! And believe it or not, it's all finished with a special finish so that guests can lean against it in wet bathing suits. Guests are certainly taken care of in this country. Marion was nice to me, too. And what a darling she is—and smart! Baby! I'd like to have a brain like hers. It doesn't seem fair to be so pretty and have so much sense too. Well, maybe when I have this aged face lifted I can get them to boost the old brain up a few notches while they're at it.

Tomorrow I am flying in a private Sikorsky Amphibian on a party to Agua Caliente down in old Mexico for a bit of diversion. Heigh Ho! How is the dear old B.M.T? Give my love to all the rush hour sardines and tell them to cheerio that maybe in their next incarnation they will be real sardines and then they won't have to stand up.

DIXIE

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(From the Los Angeles Examiner—April 16th)

#### BREAKFAST CLUB PLANS GALA ENTERTAINMENT

There will be two guests of honor tomorrow morning at the Breakfast Club. Dixie Dugan, the new meteoric star of "Loving Sinners," the Colossal Film triumph that is sweeping the country, and Teddy Page, New York millionaire sportsman and young society aviation enthusiast who is out here looking

over airport sites for a new trans-continental air route. Mr. Page has just returned from a brief pleasure trip to Agua Caliente where he took a small party of friends in his Sikorsky Amphibian, the same ship, incidentally, in which he flew across the country from New York last week.

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## XV

NEW YORK CITY.

April 14th, 1929.

DEAR DIXIE:

I saw your picture at the opening in New York and was thrilled with it and more than thrilled with you. Did you get my flowers? I had them sent to you at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. I haven't heard from you. I knew you were angry but I hoped you would get over it. Can't I do anything to get back in your good graces? I thought everything was fixed up between us and I was walking on air for weeks. Just to think that I would have the loveliest, cutest darlinest little girl in the world for my very own. And then this came along. Honestly, I thought I was doing what was best. I didn't want you to come out in a picture that would hurt you. I didn't care so much about the money. You know that. How could I tell that Nebbick would make such a wonderful picture out of the mess I saw? He certainly is a genius. And I know how you must feel about me and the way I almost wrecked your career, even though I helped you start it. You must admit that.

I miss you dreadfully. I never was in love before, honest. I know you believe all I think about is money but that isn't true. I think more of you than



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anything in the world. I'd do anything for you. I don't know why I'm writing all this except maybe because I'm so full I have to pour it out. I've had a lot of time to think back here. Everything I see reminds me of you. Every paper I pick up I see your name, Dixie Dugan. It seems every theatre I go by your picture is in the lobby, your name is in the lights, I can't get away from it. I thought at first when you didn't answer my wires I would just forget you. I've tried awfully hard. I am still trying, but I can't. Won't you write to me? Write and tell me you forgive me and everything will be once more the way it used to be. I had such a wonderful trip mapped out for us; all through the Orient and then Europe. I wanted to show you Paris. All my life I've wanted to be in Paris in the spring with someone I loved. You don't know what it means to want something all your life, to have it just within your reach when you had despaired of ever getting it, and then to have it snatched away from you. I know this must sound very silly and sentimental. I'd probably tear it up myself if I kept it until tomorrow but I'm going to send it to you because I want you to know just how I feel.

I was so happy with you just those few days in Hollywood. I'm so lonely here without you in New York. I had a beautiful apartment leased for us; five rooms with a terraced roof garden on the twenty-fourth floor of a new building overlooking the East River. It was up in the tower and the

terrace was on all four sides. You could see almost all of Manhattan Island at your feet; the Hudson River to the west, the East River clear up to Hell Gate and down to the Battery. I walked all through it yesterday. I could see you in every room. I'll never be so happy again as when I found this place for us. And I don't think I could ever be sadder than I am now when I realize I will never see you in it.

Or won't I? Is there a chance? If only you would write or wire me and say, come back and get me Jack, I'd be on the next train. Train nothing, I'd charter a plane. I've watched every mail. All day long I'm snatching telegrams away from my secretary and opening them myself, hoping they are from you. If only I could see one signed Dixie! Just one little yellow telegram saying: "It's okay Jack. When do we start on that trip?"

Write to me Dixie darling. Wire me, phone me, anything, but let me hear from you. Don't torture me.

Always, with all my love,

JACK.

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FULLY SORRY YOU FEEL THE WAY YOU DO I  
DONT DESERVE TO HAVE YOU FEEL THAT WAY  
YOU ARE EVERYTHING THAT IS NICE AND  
SWEET AND WHILE YOU MAY THINK NOW I AM  
WHAT YOU WANT WE WOULD BOTH LEARN VERY  
QUICKLY THAT IT WOULDNT WORK OUT AND  
THEN YOU WOULD BE WORSE OFF THAN YOU  
ARE I AM VERY SELFISH THOUGHTLESS AND  
FOR ABOUT NINETY FIVE PERCENT OF THE  
TIME A DEVIL ON WHEELS YOU MIGHT THINK  
IT VERY CUTE FOR A WHILE BUT YOUND GET  
DARNED SICK OF IT AND I WOULD GET SICK  
OF YOU BEING SICK AND WE WOULD BOTH  
HAVE CHRONIC INDIGESTION AND SPEND ALL  
OF OUR TIME SNAPPING AT EACH OTHERS  
HEELS NOW WE ARE GOOD FRIENDS IM NOT  
MAD AT YOU ANY MORE AND YOU WONT BE MAD  
AT ME AFTER A WHILE AND WE CAN BOTH BE  
VERY FOND OF EACH OTHER AND THAT WILL

BE NICE MUCH NICER THAN YOU PUNCHING  
ME IN THE NOSE AND ME KICKING YOU IN THE  
SHINS TILL DEATH DO US PART

DIXIE

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(From Walter Winchell's column, N. Y. Evening Graphic, April 19)

. . . O. O. McIntyre is phffft . . . H. I. Phillips is  
phffft . . . F. P. A. is phffft . . . Paul T. Frankl  
has designed a modern Scotty with square hips to  
fit his furniture . . . Jimmy Doyle, back on the  
Evening Tab after a short parole in Times Square  
and Hollywood, and Betty Byrne, moom pitcher  
gel on same rag, are That Way. . . .

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HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

17th April, 1929.

NITA DARLING!

I am parked out here on my patio, getting a lot of useless information from a book called "Believe It Or Not." One of the tid-bits for instance is an item about a Mr. Neils Paulsen of Upsala, Sweden, who died in 1907 at the age of 160 and left two sons, one nine years old and the other 103 years old. It doesn't say what he did with the rest of his spare time at home. He should have met Madame de Maldemaure just a few pages previous who gave birth to one child the first year, twins the second year, triplets the third year, quadruplets the fourth year, quintuplets the fifth year and the sixth year,

so says the book, the good woman bore six children. I'll say she was good. Twenty-one children in six years! Then she called it a day. Bored, probably. It's a swell book, Nita, but incomplete. It needs a chapter about the Breakfast Club out here in Hollywood. Believe it or not, you wouldn't believe it if you didn't see it. To begin with, here is their motto:—

F V N E M?  
S V F M  
F V N E X?  
S V F X  
O I C V F M N X!

Try miltgrossing it and then you'll get it. The first lines are really:

HAVE WE ANY HAM?  
YES WE HAVE HAM

Puzzle out the rest of it if you haven't anything worse to do, which I hope you have.

It's ten a.m. and I've just come back from a party out there. Try to imagine getting up at dawn to go to a party, which is all over at ten o'clock in the morning. The same morning! I was a guest of honor. Co-guest with me, and sharing with me the riotous roses flung by an applauding multitude—what the hell am I talking about. Well, anyway, co-guest of honor with me was Teddy Page, *THE* Teddy Page of the Page millions, of the Page Polo Ponies—look under P in the social register, look under the Ritz Bar in Paris. Look under the bed.

What have you got? Teddy Page. A fourteen-room pent house on Park Avenue, twelve hundred acres at Cold Spring Harbor all under intensive cultivation, entirely devoted to the raising of whoopee. Three airplanes, Nita. He piloted one out here from New York by himself with ten guests aboard, two paid pilots and a steward. He told me he kidnapped the steward from Sloppy Joe's in Havana and smuggled him into Miami on a rum-runner. He's only thirty years old, Nita, his clothes fit him everywhere, and when the coat collar gets dusty he gives the suit to his Jap and buys three more. Handkerchiefs made to measure—and it would be much cheaper to use ten-dollar bills. Reeks with money, darling, but inoffensively. Blow some my way, Teddy. He dances, he talks, and he's been out here less than a week and all the Hollywood females are in a panic. Me too, Nita. Plus. My god, and why not? Looks, money, brains, position, youth, and full of hell. What else does a girl want? This girl doesn't want anything else. I decided that the first time I met him. I was invited to join a party he was taking down to Agua Caliente in his Sikorsky—flew down and flew back—and then the next time I saw him where should he be but sitting right next to me at the Breakfast Club this morning. It seems to me I started out to tell you something about it, or did I? I'm all mixed up. Every time I look for a word I find a Page. Joke! Awful! His first name is Teddy so everybody calls him Teddy.

Nice, ain't it? Sounds a little bit of all right. Teddy, Teddy, Teddy, Teddy! I'm used to it already. I'll tell you who he looks a little bit like. William Haines. Only better looking. Kind of sassy, but unspoiled if you know what I mean. Maybe he bats around too much but I can snap him out of that. Oh you can, can you, says you. Sure I can says I. I'm getting very serious now that I'm a star. I'm acquiring a sense of importance, besides, a girl can do wonders for a man if she loves him. Where did you read that? Well, it's true. Mickey, that's my theme song pal—I tell him he's so hot he themes (talkie lisp)—well anyway, Mickey says Teddy's got an international reputation as a chaser and a hell-raiser in general, that he's always in scrapes but I can see why. It's only because he hasn't met the right kind of a girl. I really didn't seek this nomination but I'm going to step right up and take it just the same. I think he likes me, Nita. We had lots of fun at the Breakfast Club. That's a local organization which meets every week and entertains visiting celebrities or something. They all get together at eight o'clock in the morning. It's out near Griffith Park. They sit around a horseshoe table and sing songs and eat ham and eggs and have a lot of fun. The whole thing is broadcast, which I call the height of optimism. Imagine anybody getting up at eight o'clock in the morning to tune in to a radio program. Imagine anybody thinking anybody would do it. Well, they do stranger things than that

at the Breakfast Club. One of the first things they do is all sing the Ham and Egg song. It's the tune of Tammany. Try to imagine two hundred and fifty men and women sitting around a table at the indecent hour of eight o'clock and singing as loud as they can to the accompaniment of a brass band a song like this:

*Oh you Ham  
Oh you Eggs  
I like mine fried golden brown  
I like mine fried upside down  
Oh you Ham  
Oh you Eggs  
Flip 'em, flop 'em  
Flop 'em, flip 'em  
Ham and eggs.*

After that, Mr. DeMond, the toastmaster, yells, Hello Ham, and they all yell Hello Egg, and then he gives them a little speech of welcome to the Shrine of Friendship, this temple of idealism and sentiment. Welcome, says he, in the spirit of the Breakfast Club's golden shovel, and then he digs under the table and comes up with a little shovel and explains how this is used to bury all mistakes. It looks rather small, I says to Teddy, and he says keep quiet, maybe you'll learn something, and then Mr. DeMond comes up with a little oil can and says, I welcome you in the spirit of the oil can which



smooths over all troubles and lubricates the wheels of progress or something like that, and after that has time to sink in he comes up with a hatchet and says, I also welcome you in the spirit of this buried hatchet. By this time it looks like a notion counter but he goes right on with a lot of announcements to which no one listens. The only one I remember was an announcement to the effect that the Academy of Czecho Slovak Culture will be inaugurated at Bovard Auditorium with a special program of typical songs. For instance, I says to Teddy, and he says how about I faw down and go Slovak. And I says Czech! Well after that, we got along just beautifully. So when the *Sea Song* came along we were right in the mood for it. They do it this way. The guests and members put their arms around each other's shoulders and when they are all linked together they sway in a long line from right to left and back again keeping time to the song. So Teddy had his right arm around my shoulders and I had my left arm around his neck and we swayed back and forth. It was a silly song but it felt like a national anthem before we got finished. Here are the words:

*Sea, Sea, Sea,  
Oh why are you angry with me  
Ever since I left Dover  
I thought the boat would go over  
Dear oh dear,*

*I've a queer sort of feeling in me  
If I once reach the shore,  
I shall say au revoir  
To the Sea, Sea, Sea.*

I had to untangle my arms from around Teddy's neck soon after that—much too soon—because he had been introduced by the toastmaster who went on at great length about his interest in aviation and how he had come out to the coast to look for an airport. At which point Teddy whispered to me, that's a lot of apple sauce. I came out here looking for you, and I says, contact. And he says how did you hear that, that's a flying expression, and I says I've got a colored maid named Pheeney who's always finding an excuse to say Miss Dixie, I'd like to go out tonight and contact some gin. He was still laughing when the applause stopped and he suddenly realized he had been called upon to talk and they were all waiting for him to get up. So he did and made a cute speech about the future of aviation and civic pride and airports and how glad he was to be with them and then he sat down beside me and wiped the perspiration off his forehead. The only thing that makes me happy about this whole thing, said he, is that you're next. And then was I in a panic? You don't mean I have to get up and make a speech do you, and he says either that or juggle or do flying splits. They expect something from you. And sure enough, while he was still talk-

ing about it, I heard the toastmaster say Colossal star, little beauty, talented girl, sensational triumph, *Loving Sinners*, here today, and a lot of cheers and yip yip and Teddy was pushing me up on my feet. So I thanked them kindly and wondered what the devil was next. I opened my mouth and nothing came out, so I thanked them kindly again, and then suddenly I realized this sort of thing couldn't go on indefinitely, and Teddy whispered, why don't you sing them a song which was a ducky notion, so I did—the theme song from *Loving Sinners*—and then I did a dance for them and they were all steaming, especially Teddy who had never seen me pick it up and strut it around. After I sat down he said, listen to them applaud. It's like an earthquake. And I said, you must never say that out here on the coast. It's always a fire out here. And he says do they really have quakes out here and I says if they do, and mind you, I said IF, it's very very unusual, and not polite to take notice of it, and then I told him the story Eddie Sutherland told me at one of his parties one night. It seems when he married Louise Brooks he brought her out to the coast. She had never been out here before and didn't know anything about these little quakes, so one night they were sleeping and one came along and shook up the house which is on the side of Laurel Canyon. All the dishes fell off the sideboard and the pictures off the wall and Louise turned to Eddie sleepily and said, "Eddie, behave yourself, will you." And

I says to Eddie after he told the story, "Bragging again, aren't you?"

There was another song about this time, a quartette of Hollywood millionaires had to get up and sing *Hallelujah I'm a Bum* and pretty soon everybody was singing the choruses with them. I suppose you've heard it:

*Rejoice and be glad  
For the springtime has come  
We can throw down our shovels  
And go on the bum  
(Chorus)  
Hallelujah, I'm a bum  
Hallelujah bum again  
Hallelujah, give us a hand out  
To revive us again.*

There are a whole lot more verses, always winding up with Hallelujah I'm a Bum, Hallelujah Bum again. I think one of the cute ones is:

*I went to the door  
And I asked for some bread  
And the lady said bum bum  
The baker is dead*

I couldn't help but get a kick out of Teddy throwing back his head and singing *Hallelujah I'm a Bum*—he and his three airplanes, and a Bond Street tailor and a couple of banks and a steamship line and a railroad company. And I pictured myself as

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Mrs. Bum—Mrs. Hallelujah Ima Bum, At Home—Hardly Ever—To Nobody.

The Breakfast Club went on with a lot of speeches and compliments about Teddy and myself and how happy they all were to have us as guests and meanwhile we talked and talked and he told me all about roughing it along the Riviera in his steam yacht, and I told him all about Hollywood and what a dangerous place it was for girls under eighteen and men over forty—that's how I found out how old he was. Kinda cute of me wasn't it, Nita. And then I told him about meeting Chaplin at tea in Henry's and how Chaplin spent all of his time at the table totaling up the ads in the New Yorker trying to figure out how much money they made every week. And then he told me about the time Chaplin met Paderewski, and they didn't have hardly anything to say to each other because all the time Chaplin was looking at Paderewski's hands and Paderewski was looking at Chaplin's feet.

Teddy brought me home in his Mercedes. It was so long I could hardly see the chauffeur through the fog on Los Feliz. And I'm to have dinner with him tonight. Then tomorrow we're going to fly out over Death Valley just for fun. Nita dear, he doesn't know it, but I'm flying right now. I haven't had my feet on the ground since I met him. This is the real thing Nita. If this is love, I'm going to love it. What's going to become of me? I hope so. DIXIE.

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(From The New York Evening Tab—April 24th, 1929)



(By P & A: A. T. & T. transmission)

**"SO HAPPY I CAN'T TALK"—**

That's what Dixie Dugan, Colossal star, giggled yesterday after Park Avenue's pet playboy, Teddy Page, celebrated conclusion of marriage ceremony with impetuous bear-hug that made her gasp. They were wed by Roger Foley, justice of peace, at Las Vegas, Nev. where Teddy eloped with his Dixie in his own huge Sikorsky Amphibian. This is telephoned photo of couple a few minutes after the ceremony. Honeymoon will have to wait, Dixie said, as I am working on a production. Teddy just laughed in his gay, masculine way, so you may be sure he will have something to say about it too.

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(From The N. Y. Times—April 25, 1929)

The William K. Pages sailed suddenly for Europe last night on the Leviathan. They refused to discuss the elopement of their son Teddy with Dixie Dugan, the movie star. But it is common gossip that young Page by this escapade has finally estranged himself and that he and his young bride will not be welcomed in the ancestral home. It will be remembered Teddy Page was reported engaged to Joan Devore, beautiful young society heiress. This match was near and dear to the hearts of the Page family. When informed last night of his parents' sudden departure just as he was about to bring his new bride east to meet them, Teddy Page replied "We don't care. Dixie and I would be happy together on a bare rock in the middle of the Pacific." To which remark Dixie acquiesced gaily and with a roguish smile added "and don't think we haven't got one reserved, in case." If Broadway, Park Avenue and Wall Street rumours are to be believed, the young couple might just as well go out to their rock now and settle there.

*The End*





## A NOTE ABOUT THE AUTHOR

J. P. McEvoy has run daily columns in "The Chicago Record Herald," the "Chicago Tribune," and the "New York American." For five years he was editor and general manager of the P. F. Volland Company, one of the largest publishers of juvenile books and greeting cards in America. He has written "The Potters," "The Comic Supplement," "Ziegfeld Follies" of 1925 and 1926, "Americana" and "God Loves Us." "Show Girl," published in 1928 as a novel, has since been made into a moving picture and a Ziegfeld musical comedy.

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